

January 1981
\$2.00

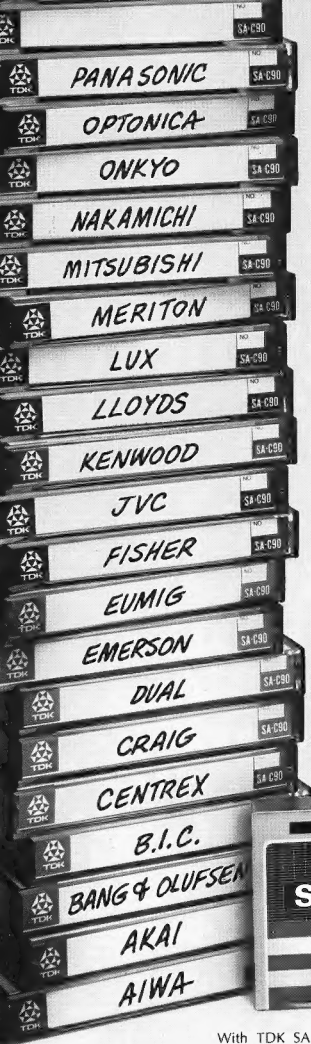
HEAVY METAL

WPS
36587
®

The
adult
illustrated
fantasy
magazine



These cassette deck makers have very high standards.



And this is how they set them.



With TDK SA. It's the high bias reference standard for these major cassette deck manufacturers. Which means that when they set the high bias position on their decks, there's a TDK SA inside. Since all these decks are adjusted to sound their best with TDK SA, it stands to reason yours will, too.

A lot of deck owners agree. When they listen to the more than 35 manufacturers who recommend TDK SA, they try it. When they listen to their music on TDK SA, they're convinced. They feel TDK SA's Super Avilyn formulation handles their music better than any chrome tape. And TDK SA's Super Precision Mechanism assures years of reliable performance. Each TDK SA cassette is backed by a lifetime warranty.*

You can listen to all the cassettes that might meet the high bias standard. Or you can buy the one that sets it. TDK SA.

TDK
The Amazing Music Machine.

*In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement.

©1980 TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530



EAGLES LIVE

HOTEL CALIFORNIA
HEARTACHE TONIGHT
I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY
THE LONG RUN
NEW KID IN TOWN
LIFE'S BEEN GOOD
SEVEN BRIDGES ROAD

WASTED TIME
TAKE IT TO THE LIMIT
DOOLIN-DALTON (REPRISE II)
DESPERADO
SATURDAY NIGHT
ALL NIGHT LONG
LIFE IN THE FAST LANE
TAKE IT EASY

Produced by BILL SZYMCHYK

FOR PANDORA PRODUCTIONS LTD.

FRONT LINE MANAGEMENT COMPANY INC.

Earth Is Strange Enough, by Robert Silverberg , 5
Bloodstar, by Robert E. Howard . Illustrated by Richard Corben , 6
Valentina, by Guido Crepax , 16
Bang, Hah, by Don Wood , 25
What Is Reality, Papa? by Ribera and Godard , 35
Gallery Section: A glimpse of Ian Miller's Secret Art and Wenzel and Walsh's Kingdom of the Dwarfs, 46
Take Another Look, 52
Ambassador of the Shadows, by Christin and Mezieres , 53
Rock Opera, by Rod Kierkegaard, Jr. , 76
There Is a Prince Charming on Phenixoi! by Moebius , 81
Woman, by Jeronaton , 85
Chain Mail, 4
Coming Next Month, 96
Front cover, . . . And One More Makes Three, by Robert Burger
Back cover, The Baby Is Watching, by Alan Lynch

"Bloodstar," by Robert E. Howard, illustrated by Richard Corben. ©1975, 1976, 1979, 1980, by the Morning Star Press, Ltd. All rights reserved.

"What Is Reality, Papa?" by Godard and Ribera, and "Ambassador of the Shadows," by Christin and Mezieres, are both reprinted from *Pilote* magazine ©1975 and 1980, Dargaud Editeur, France. All rights reserved.

"Woman," by Jeronaton, and "There Is a Prince Charming on Phenixoi!" by Moebius, are both reprinted from *Metal Hurlant* ©1980. *Metal Hurlant* is published by L. F. Editions, Les Humanoides Associés, Paris. All rights reserved.

All other copyrights are held by individual artists, agents, and/or representatives.

Illustration by Chris Moore



HM COMMUNICATIONS is a subsidiary of National Lampoon, Inc.

Chairman **Matty Simmons** President **Julian L. Weber**
 Chairman of the Executive Committee **Leonard Mogel**
 Executive Vice-President **Gerald L. Taylor**
 Sr. Vice-President **George S. Agoglia, Sr.**
 Vice-President, Finance **Peter Philipps**
 Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales **Howard Jurofsky**
 Controller **Edward Fox**

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (USPS 379-870): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc., ©1980 HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semifiction is purely coincidental.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

Editor and Publisher:	Leonard Mogel
Executive Editor:	Julie Simmons
Copy Editor:	Judith Sonntag
Art Director:	John Workman
Art Assistants:	Bill Workman, Larry Lanoff
Production Director:	Camille Russo
Production Assistant:	Raymond Battaglino
Circulation Director:	George S. Agoglia, Sr.
Special Projects:	Michael Gross
European Editor:	Diana K. Bletter
Foreign Rights Manager:	Christina Miner
Advertising:	Howard Jacoby

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. \$19.00 paid annual subscription, \$32.00 paid two-year subscription, and \$39.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$3.00 for Canada and \$5.00 elsewhere. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber, please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York: **Howard Jacoby**, Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 688-4070. Midwest: **William H. Sanke**, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL 60601, (312) 346-7145. West Coast: **Robert Sage, Sage & Hoyt, Inc.**, 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 924, Los Angeles, CA 90067, (213) 277-7125. Southern Offices: **H.B. Brown, Brown & Co.**, Northside Tower, Suite 407, 6065 Roswell Road, NE, Atlanta, GA 30328, (404) 252-9820.

AN EXCITING BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE FROM A LEGENDARY CARTOONIST...



NOT AVAILABLE ON MOST NEWSSTANDS! ORDER BY MAIL!

WILL EISNER'S THE SPIRIT



CLASSIC SPIRIT REPRINTS PLUS NEW MATERIAL BY EISNER IN EVERY ISSUE! REGULAR COLUMNS... ACTION... MYSTERY...ADVENTURE...BEAUTIFUL WOMEN... FIGURES IN SHADOWS... "FILM NOIR ON PAPER"...GRAPHIC STORIES AT THEIR BEST.

Mail to: KITCHEN SINK ENTERPRISES
P.O. Box 7-H, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968

- ☐ Send me the current issue of *Will Eisner's Spirit Magazine*. Enclosed is \$2.50.
- ☐ I want a subscription. Send me the next six issues of *The Spirit*. Enclosed is \$14.
- ☐ Send me a catalog of hundreds of other comic books, portfolios, buttons, books and more!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Chain Mail

Dear Sirs:

The existence of death is a fact which has an important role to play in fiction; but I found the way in which the subject was exploited in Nicole Claveloux's *Sans Family* to be disgusting. Her notable artistic style could be applied far more creatively; in this case it is left virtually without merit. That the story was included with the many other extremely worthwhile pieces in Nov. '80 *HM* greatly reduced the value of the issue.

I realize that this is a matter of opinion. But I would like to make my opinion clear that I would not like to see this type of material repeated.

Martin Otterson
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Dear HM:

I suppose I can guess, but there is no substitute for facts, such as why certain changes were made in Corben's "The Beast of Wolf-ton." Why did "the land later called Britain" become "ancient lands north of Canisland"? Why did "Sir John" become "Sir Nornib" and "Lady Ellen" become "Lady Chabita"? My

guess is that it was intended to place the setting alongside the other Corben opus, "Rowlf." But was it Mr. Corben or *HM* that saw fit to instigate such changes? Niggling details to be sure, but one's curiosity is piqued at such trivia.

G. Davis
Portland, Oregon

Dear Gary:

Yes, I did make the changes you mentioned partially because of "Rowlf." Originally, I had intended "The Beast of Wolf-ton," "Rowlf," and "Spirit of the Beast" to work out as a trilogy. I also wanted to make it a bit less realistic—bring it more into a realm of fantasy.

—Richard Corben

Dear Editor:

As one of your charter subscribers, I was dismayed to read that you have bowed to the criticisms of your more intolerant readers and cancelled the columns. All of them have been interesting, informative reading, but Lou Stathis's Muzick has been especially so.

I thank him for turning me on to the Residents, impLOG, Snakefinger, the new Beefheart, and all of the other progressive and experimental rok he has written about. He is the rarest of birds: a critic whose word I can trust completely. He says buy and I buy and I have not been disappointed. Now you're

dumping him. Well, the least you can do is give me his address or tell me what paper is going to print him so I can read that.

Those of you who consider yourself "purists" have scuttled some of the best reading in town.

I applaud your November cover as the best ever. If you decide to make posters of your covers available, start with that. Do consider a special all-Japanese issue, too. You might also think about doubling the number of pages per issue. I would be happy to pay more for a larger *HM*. What I don't understand is how you make it with so few ads. Many compliments on your rock issue, too.

Thirty galactic years in an aether box to all involved in the decision to scuttle the columns. I look to 1/81 with trepidation.

Michael Pearce
Portland, Oregon

M.P.:

Hey, we're not as easygoing as all that. We didn't decide to take out our columns because of "peer" pressure—we're not quite that easily moved by the prospect of making a fast buck. The decision was a mutual one made by the editorial staff. It certainly was ignited by pro and con comments regarding the columns, but *HM* can offer you much more as an art magazine highlighting the best comic artists throughout the world.

—The Eds.



EARTH IS STRANGE ENOUGH

by Robert Silverberg

Six or seven years ago, after two decades as a professional science-fiction writer, I found myself terminally tired of fooling around with androids, star ships, and bug-eyed monsters. The royalties on my books were coming in nicely. I was drawing fifty dividends from some good investments, and my mortgage was paid off. And so I came to one of those apocalyptic decisions: I walked away from my career. To my agent, my publishers, my friends, my readers, and anyone else within earshot I loudly announced that I was giving up writing "forever."

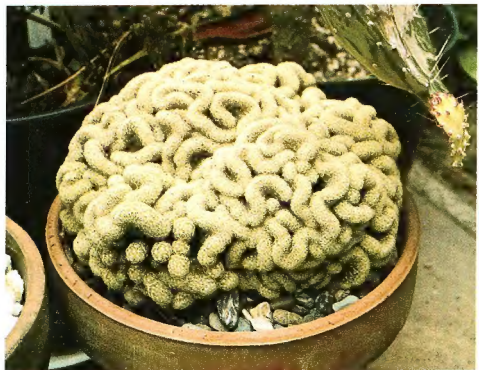
As it happened, "forever" lasted about five years. Then an item called *Lord Valentine's Castle* wandered out of my typewriter, and somehow I found myself back in business. That's okay. If my mind wants to change itself, who am I to argue with it?

But people ask me a lot of questions about the five years of my retirement. "Didn't you write *anything*?" Well, *letters and checks*. "Weren't you *bored*?" *Not for a moment*. "But what did you do all that time?"

Well, among other things, I planted a garden.

Plenty of good precedent for that. The Roman general Cincinnatus was summoned from his garden to be dictator. After he conquered the Aequians and saved his country, he resigned his office and went back to his garden. And Voltaire's *Candide*, after suffering every imaginable calamity, married his beloved and settled down to cultivate *his* garden. Thomas Jefferson, when he wearied of politics, carried out all sorts of horticultural experiments at Monticello.

But the garden I planted was a science-fiction garden.

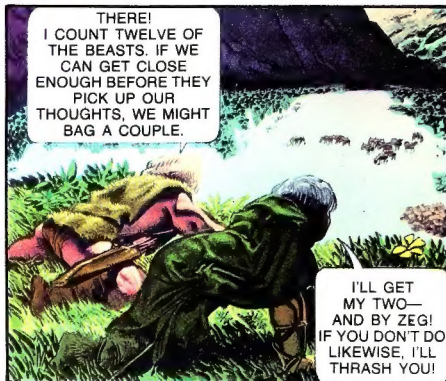


continued on page 96

Bloodstar

In the last episode, Earth was nearly destroyed by a huge, unforeseen orb, blasting from up above. It caused the waters to overflow, the earth to burn, and most of the planet's inhabitants to die in less than a fortnight. Remaining was a desolate planet, with only a few survivors.

THE PAST WAS OF NO IMPORTANCE.
THERE WAS ONLY THE PRESENT...AND
THE HUNGER OF THE HUNTERS...



THE TWO HUNTERS CREPT DOWNWIND OF
THE MILLING HERD, KEEPING THEIR MINDS
AS BLANK AS POSSIBLE.



THE CREATURES CONTINUED TO MUNCH
PEACEFULLY AND UNAWARES. THEIR MUSK WAS
PUNGENT IN THE HOT AFTERNOON AIR. SO
INTENT WERE YOUNG BLOODSTAR AND OLD
GROM ON THEIR PREY THAT BOTH MISSED
A STIRRING IN THE GRASS BEHIND THEM.

DRAWING THE BOWSTRING TAUT, BLOODSTAR FELT THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK RISE. HIS HEART BEGAN TO POUND WITH UNEASE.

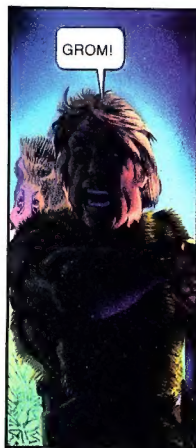
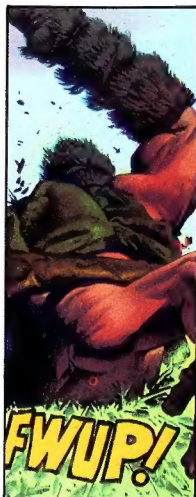
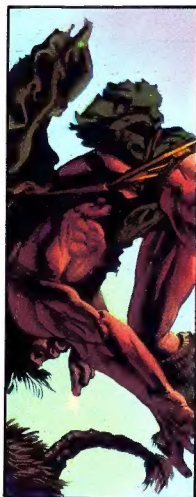
THE WOLF STEEDS SENSED SOMETHING TOO AND SOUNDED THE FIRST ALARM OF THE MENACE STALKING THEM.



A GROUP OF SAVAGE TOAD HOGS SUDDENLY CHARGED THE HUNTERS WITH BLINDING SPEED. FEARED BY ALL TRIBES BECAUSE OF THEIR GASHING TUSKS AND CONSISTENTLY EVIL TEMPER, THEY DID NOT TURN ASIDE EVEN WHEN THE FIRST ARROWS THUDDED INTO THEIR ARMORED HIDES. GROM TURNED TO GET OUT OF THE WAY—



FOR THE OLD HUNTER, THE WORLD WAS FILLED
WITH SUDDEN AGONIZING PAIN, A SOFT,
CRIMSON SILENCE.



HE LASHED OUT WITH
HIS BLADE, CURIOUSLY
FEELING NO HATRED
FOR THE BEAST HE
WAS GUTTING.



TURNING, THE YOUTH
SAW HIS FRIEND'S FALL
AS IF IT WERE A
LIFETIME AWAY.



THERE WAS ONLY THE
SWIFT NEED TO LEAP
TO HIS COMPANION'S
AID, TO HELP HIM TO
HIS FEET, TO JOKE
ABOUT HIS
CARELESSNESS.



THERE WAS A TENSE PAUSE. THE FIRST BEAST HAD FALLEN, ANOTHER WAS STAGGERING ABOUT AS ITS LIFEBLOOD GUSHED OUT UPON THE GROUND. THE LAST HOG GLARED AT THE YOUTH. ITS WARTY SIDES HEAVED. BLOODSTAR STOOD OVER HIS FRIEND, WONDERING HOW SEVERE HIS WOUNDS WERE. GROM WAS LYING SO STILL. CAREFULLY, BLOODSTAR REACHED FOR THE OLD HUNTER'S SPEAR.

THE SECOND HOG COLLAPSED...

SIGNALING THE DEATH CHARGE OF THE LAST.

**SNORT!
ERRROUGH!**



THE TWO ADVERSARIES COLLIDED IN MIDAIR



TO LAND WITH BONE-JARRING FORCE. THE BEAST SHUDDERED, THE SPEAR SHAFT WAVING GROTESQUELY,



AND THEN IT TOO FELL DEAD.



PICKING HIMSELF UP, BLOODSTAR LIMPED OVER TO GROM.

THE SPEAR POINT PENETRATED THE MONSTER'S EYE AND SLID INTO ITS BRAIN. THE HOG SQUEALED, TOSSED BLOODSTAR HIGH INTO THE AIR...

SEE?
NOTHING—A SCRATCH—
I'M JUST RESTING... WANTED
TO SEE IF YOU COULD HANDLE
THOSE PIGGIES YOURSELF.

YES, GROM.
I CAN SEE
YOU'VE
GOT...
GUTS.



AT FIRST YOUNG BLOODSTAR
TREMBLED FOR THE OLD HUNTER'S
LIFE: THE TUSK WOUND WAS WIDE AND
DEEP BUT HAVING STOPPED THE
BLOOD FLOW AND CHEERED BY GROM'S
SARCASTIC SPIRITS, HE BEGAN TO
THINK HIS FRIEND WAS UNKILLABLE.
BY THE TIME THEY REACHED THE
AESIR VILLAGE, HOWEVER, GROM WAS
FEVERISH, PALE, AND WEAK. THE
MEDICINE MAN WHO TENDED HIM CAME
TO BLOODSTAR WITH GRIM NEWS.
THE YOUTH TRIED TO BLINK AWAY THE
BURNING TEARS OF GRIEF.

STILL, THAT
SCRATCH WILL KEEP
YOU ABED FOR A WHILE
GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO
CHARM THE
WOMENFOLK.

OOOWWWW!
YOU'D...
BETTER
BELIEVE IT.
SOFT
ARMS...
OOOHHH!



HE'S DYING.
BLOODSTAR, I FEAR HE
WILL NOT LAST TILL
DAWN. GO TO HIM.
HE WANTS TO SPEAK
WITH YOU.

SO, LITTLE BLOODSTAR!
GROM IS DYING. KILLED BY A PIG!
WHAT A WAY TO GO! LISTEN, FOR
THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME. I WANT TO
TELL YOU ABOUT YOUR FATHER,
BLOODSTAR THE ELDER—HE WHO
FIRST BORE THAT CRIMSON MARK
UPON HIS FOREHEAD HOW
LIKE HIM YOU ARE!



YOU'VE HEARD
ME SPEAK OF THE KING
OF THE NORTHERN
ABYSS.

NOW I WANT
YOU TO KNOW 'T WAS
YOUR FATHER WHO
DEFEATED THAT LOATHLY
THING WHICH CRAWLED
UP OUT OF THE PIT
OF HELL.

ONCE, LONG AGO, A BAND OF BLOND
GIANTS ENTERED MY PEOPLE'S LAND.
THEY WERE PART OF A WARRIOR
CLAN WHO HAD MIGRATED FROM THE
SMOKING SOUTHLANDS. THEY
WEREN'T WELCOME, EITHER! OUR WAR
FIRES BLAZED AS WE PREPARED
TO GREET THE STRANGERS PROPERLY.

THEY RODE WOLFMUTES—CREATURES
WE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE—OR WALKED
ALONG BOLDLY: OLD MEN, NAKED CHILDREN,
BRONZED, PAINTED WARRIORS AND THEIR
WOMEN, WHOSE YELLOW LOCKS WERE LIKE
SUNLIGHT UPON WATER.

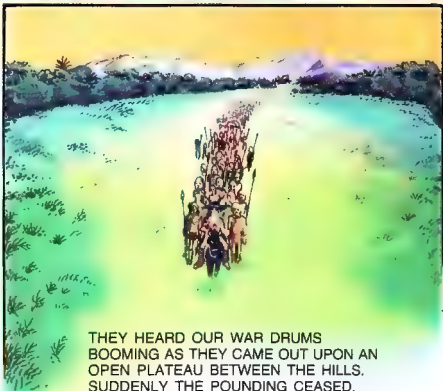
OUR SCOUTS WATCHED THEIR COLUMN PASS. AT ITS
HEAD RODE A FIERCE-EYED FIGURE: BYRDAG,
WAR CHIEF OF THE AESIR. AN ORNATE ARMBAND
IDENTIFIED HIS LEADERSHIP.

ONE OF THE YOUNG WOMEN ALSO WORE
A SIMILAR ARMBAND—HELVA, THE CHIEF'S
DAUGHTER. WHAT A BEAUTY!

WE WATCHED THEM PASS THROUGH THE HILLS AND THOUGHT THEY MIGHT NOT STOP. WHAT BLIND IMPULSE OR RESTLESS WHIM HAD BROUGHT THEM INTO OUR LAND. WE COULDN'T GUESS. ALL WE KNEW WAS THAT THEY HAD TO BE DRIVEN OUT—OR DESTROYED!

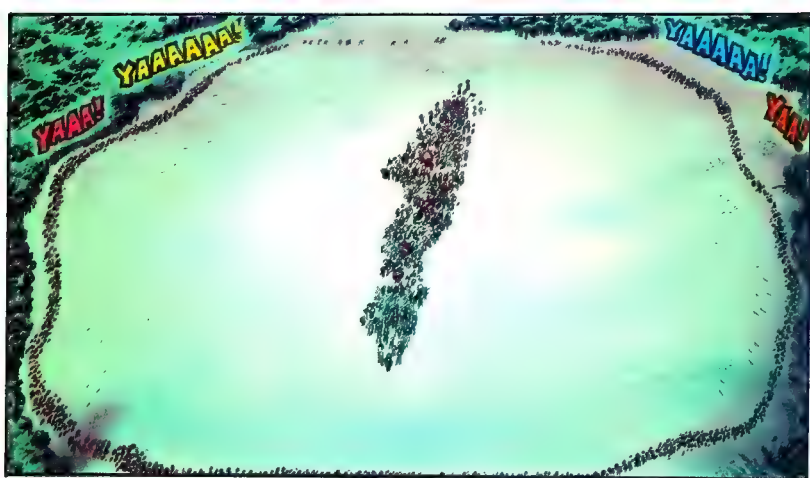


MY EYES WERE DRAWN TO THE TWO TALLEST WARRIORS, WHO MARCHED ALONG TOGETHER, LAUGHING AND JOKING WITH EACH OTHER. I SOON LEARNED THEY WERE LOKNAR THE BOLD AND BLOODSTAR, HUNTER-COMRADES AND FRIENDLY RIVALS IN THE BRUTAL SPORT OF BATTLE. THEY SEEMED ALMOST LIKE BROTHERS.



THEY HEARD OUR WAR DRUMS BOOMING AS THEY CAME OUT UPON AN OPEN PLATEAU BETWEEN THE HILLS. SUDDENLY THE POUNDING CEASED. MENACING SILENCE FELL. THEY KNEW SOMETHING WAS COMING—





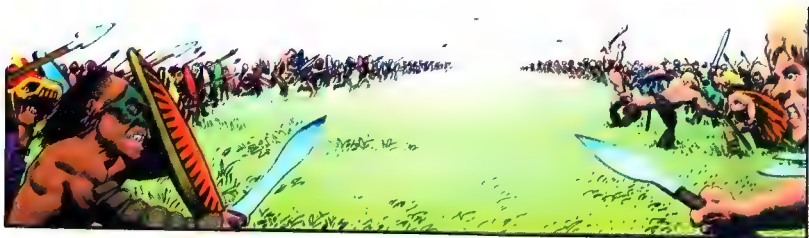
WE THUNDERED OUR MASSED WAR CRY
TO THE GRAY HEAVENS AS WE GREETED
THE INTRUDERS WITH FEATHERED DEATH



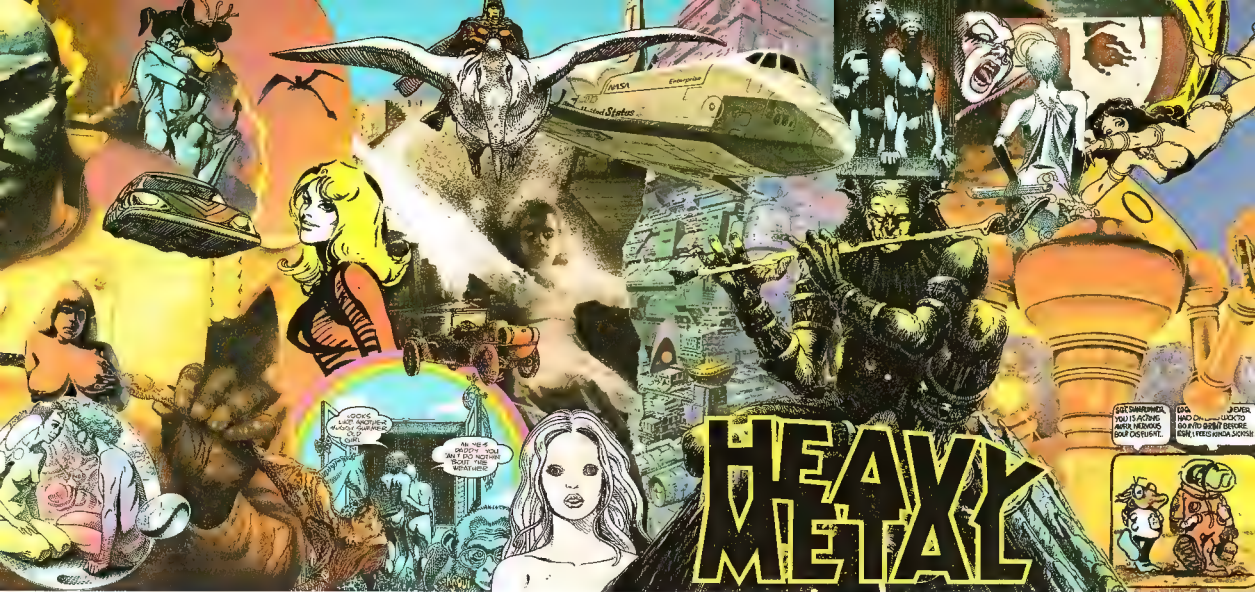
THE RING CLOSED BY ZEG! THEY REPAID
US WITH THEIR OWN HISSING CLOUDS.



THE PRELIMINARIES OVER, BOTH FORCES SPREAD OUT
AND FELL UPON EACH OTHER WITH SWORD AND SPEAR.



TO BE CONTINUED...



HEAVY

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL, 1977: *The Collector's Edition*, with the debut of Moebius's "Arzach," Corben's "Den," Bodé's "Sunpot," and more (\$5.00)

#4/JULY, 1977: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow," also the final installment of "Sunpot." (\$3.00)

#7/OCTOBER, 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" redux, yet more. (\$3.00)

#10/JANUARY, 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny. Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues. (\$3.00)

#2/MAY, 1977: Russian astronauts, Roger the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more. (\$4.00)

#5/AUGUST, 1977: The saga of Polonius begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "The World Apart" and "Den" continue. (\$3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER, 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart." (\$3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY, 1978: New adventures of Barbarella, wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al (\$3.00)

#3/JUNE, 1977: Macedo's "Rockblitz," the highly praised "Shells," the beginning of Davis's "World Apart." Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more (\$3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story, Moebius a space opera, plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius." (\$3.00)

#9/DECEMBER, 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz" by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool" by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius (\$3.00)

#12/MARCH, 1978: Swashbuckling "Onion" makes a debut, courtesy of Gray Morrow, and there's more "Barbarella," more "Urm," and yet more "Den" (\$3.00)

#13/APRIL, 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from Paradise 9, and Barbarella gives birth, while Den wraps it up. (\$3.00)

#16/JULY, 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for '1996," the resumption of Drulilet's "Gail," yet more "Heilmann," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights" (\$3.00)

#19/OCTOBER, 1978: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" plus the usual. (\$3.00)

#22/JANUARY, 1979: Trina makes her debut here, and Drulilet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? (\$3.00)

#25/APRIL, 1979: Our second birthday bash, with Chaykin and Wein's "G'deon Faust," the Alien portfolio and Val Mayerik's "Time Out." And much more. (\$3.00)

#28/JULY, 1979: Bodé's "Zooks," premiered, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts. (\$3.00)

#31/OCTOBER, 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Drulilet, Suydam, others. (\$3.00)

#34/JANUARY, 1980: A new year, a new decade—begins with a new look for HM with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffen, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowll," and much more! (\$3.00)

#37/APRIL, 1980: Our Third Anniversary issue—32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bial, Howarth, Corben, Bodé—and more! (\$3.00)

#40/JULY, 1980: The Alchemist Supreme continues with Axe learning the truth about his s'devok Musky, Bial's "Progress" begins and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave" (\$3.00)

#43/OCTOBER, 1980: Our Special Rock Issue packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Span, Drulilet, Yeates, Hé, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr., Colon, and Matena, and not to be missed! (\$3.00)

#14/MARCH, 1978: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Niro tips his hat. (\$3.00)

#17/AUGUST, 1978: Sorry—SOLD OUT!

#20/NOVEMBER, 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, Heilmann's final rebirth, more. (\$3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY, 1979: "Galactic Geographic," "Starclown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" plus Moebius, Bial, and Macedo (\$3.00)

#26/MAY, 1979: It's all-American (except for Drulilet's "Disco" and a Proust joke) fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien." (\$3.00)

#29/AUGUST, 1979: Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more. (\$3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER, 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowll," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more. (\$3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY, 1980: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie Experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip. (\$3.00)

#38/MAY, 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axe ever find out? Will Champakou reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the Alien Manlynn, too? Take a look. We'll never tell. (\$3.00)

#41/AUGUST, 1980: Drulilet returns with the first installment of "Saammba" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and a interviewed Bial continues "Progress") (\$3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER, 1980: With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bial! (\$3.00)

#15/JUNE, 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad, Surgeon's "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella" and the origins of "Heilmann" (\$3.00)

#18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Corben's "Sindbad," Moebius's "Major," "Heilmann," "Orion," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too. (\$3.00)

#21/DECEMBER, 1978: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kierchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius. (\$3.00)

#24/MARCH, 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starclown" II, and Ellison's late show. (\$3.00)

#27/JUNE, 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future" and more illustrated "Alien," and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" (\$3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER, 1979: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named Elvis, and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montfleur and Moebius. (\$3.00)

#33/DECEMBER, 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofod, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." (\$3.00)

#36/MARCH, 1980: Why did The Cravasse take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schulten Bros. strip! Plus Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations." (\$3.00)

#39/JUNE, 1980: Champakou meets his fate, while Captain Sierran saves the day. And in their revenge, The Flying Walendasas vs. The Earth! (\$3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER, 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bial's "Progress" picks up steam. Eric Colon, Paul Kiercher, and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet! (\$3.00)

#45/DECEMBER, 1980: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar," Crepus's "Valentina," and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Heavy, Papa?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," "Rock Opera," and Moebius! (\$3.00)



Please send me the following:
No. of copies _____
Issue _____

_____	Apr., 1977	\$5.00
_____	May, 1977	\$4.00
_____	June, 1977	\$3.00
_____	July, 1977	\$3.00
_____	Aug., 1977	\$3.00
_____	Sept., 1977	\$3.00
_____	Oct., 1977	\$3.00
_____	Nov., 1977	\$3.00
_____	Dec., 1977	\$3.00
_____	Jan., 1978	\$3.00
_____	Feb., 1978	\$3.00
_____	Mar., 1978	\$3.00
_____	Apr., 1978	\$3.00
_____	May, 1978	\$3.00
_____	June, 1978	\$3.00
_____	July, 1978	\$3.00

Sept., 1978	\$3.00	Feb., 1980	\$3.00
Oct., 1978	\$3.00	Mar., 1980	\$3.00
Nov., 1978	\$3.00	Apr., 1980	\$3.00
Dec., 1978	\$3.00	May, 1980	\$3.00
Jan., 1979	\$3.00	June, 1980	\$3.00
Feb., 1979	\$3.00	July, 1980	\$3.00
Mar., 1979	\$3.00	Aug., 1980	\$3.00
Apr., 1979	\$3.00	Sept., 1980	\$3.00
May, 1979	\$3.00	Oct., 1980	\$3.00
June, 1979	\$3.00	Nov., 1980	\$3.00
July, 1979	\$3.00	Dec., 1980	\$3.00
Aug., 1979	\$3.00	Binder	\$5.50
Sept., 1979	\$3.00	Binder with	\$26 plus \$1
Oct., 1979	\$3.00	1978 issues	postage and
Nov., 1979	\$3.00	handling	
Dec., 1979	\$3.00	Binder with	\$26 plus \$1
Jan., 1980	\$3.00	1979 issues	postage and
		handling	

I've enclosed a total of \$ _____
This amount covers postage plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

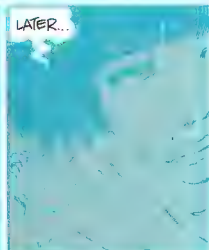
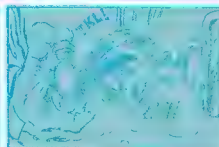
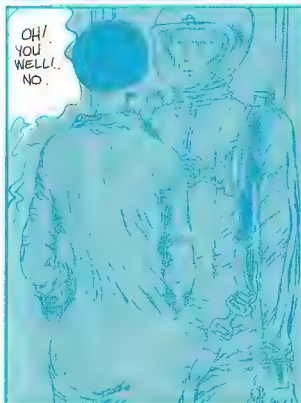
State _____ Zip _____

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 181
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

valentinaTM REFLECTION

Last we saw, Valentina was visited by a mysterious spaceman, who appeared outta nowhere. She was baffled. They made love. And she experienced an amazing dream . . .



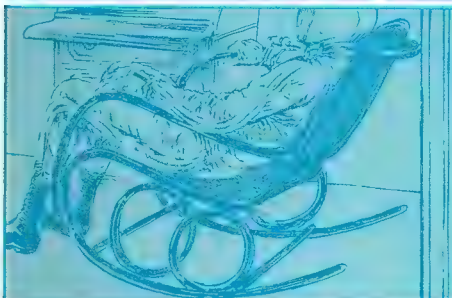
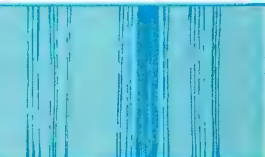


YOU KNOW, MATTIA...THERE'S A MAN AT THE HOUSE...HE'S VERY NICE, BUT HE DOESN'T TALK.

HERE WE ARE AT HOME!



WAIT...



NO...



NO!

ONE... MINUTE!



A PILOT!



MATTIA, LISTEN!



WHY DO YOU HAVE GLOVES?



THERE HE IS!



WHAT
IS THAT...
A
MIRROR
?



HMM!

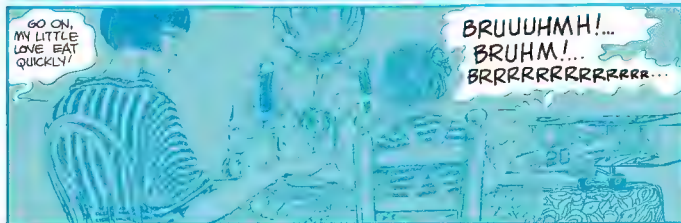


NOW I'M
GONNA SHOW
YOU MY
AIRPLANE. IT'S
AS BIG AS
THIS!



GOOD,
THEN I'M
GOING
TO FIX
DINNER.

MATTIA...
OH, NOTHING
IT'S
NOT
IMPORTANT.



GO ON,
MY LITTLE
LOVE. EAT
QUICKLY!

BRUUUHHM!...
BRUHM!...
BBBBBBBBBBBBBBB...



I
WONDER
IF HE
EATS!



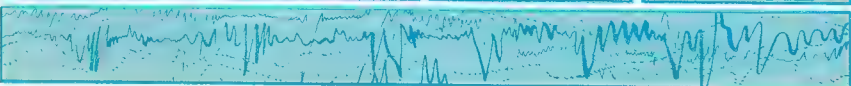
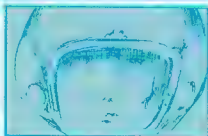
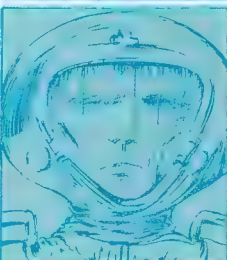
BUT YOU
YOU CAN'T...
DO YOU?



AH, OF COURSE
NOT. I'M SO
STUPID



GO ON,
MATTIA
HURRY UP
AND FINISH!





GOOD!
OFF TO
BED
NOW...

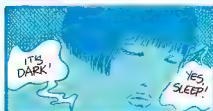


THAT'S
STRANGE...
HIS FACE
IS... LIKE
LAST NIGHT
...HOWEVER,
IF I THINK
BACK...

HM

THIS
MORNING
HIS FACE
WAS DIF-
FERENT. HE
SEEMED
YOUNGER.

MAYBE
IT WAS THE
LIGHT.



IT'S
DARK!

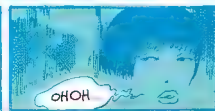
YES,
SLEEP!



MMH



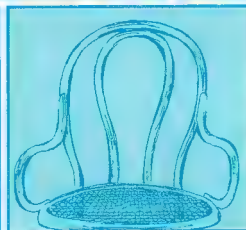
GO AHEAD!
THAT MAKES
ALMOST A
QUARTER OF AN
HOUR.



OH OH



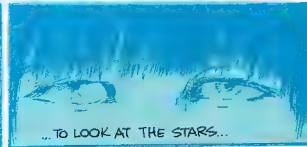
THERE!
BUT
WHERE'D
HE GO?



UNLESS...



HM NO
HE
MUST HAVE
GONE
OUT ON
THE
TERRACE



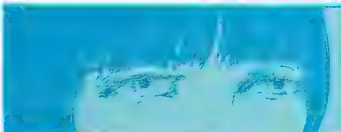
...TO LOOK AT THE STARS...



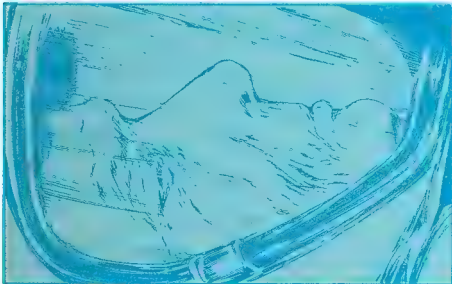
NO...



IN MY ROOM...
OH, NO!



HE'S CHANGED AGAIN...
LIKE LAST NIGHT...



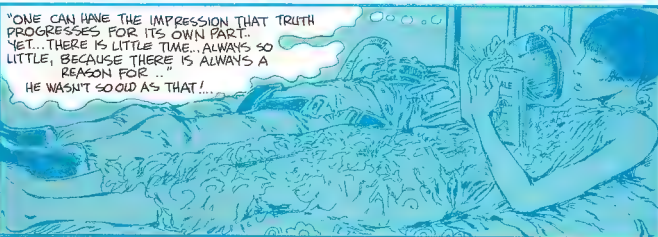
HM... AND NOW
WHAT SHOULD I DO?



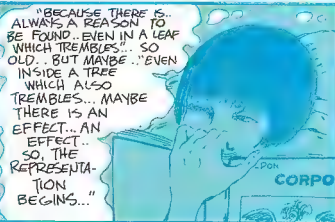
I'M TIRED.
I'M GOING
TO BED!



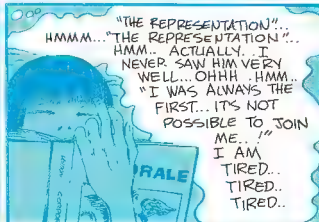
AH,
FOR THE
REST.



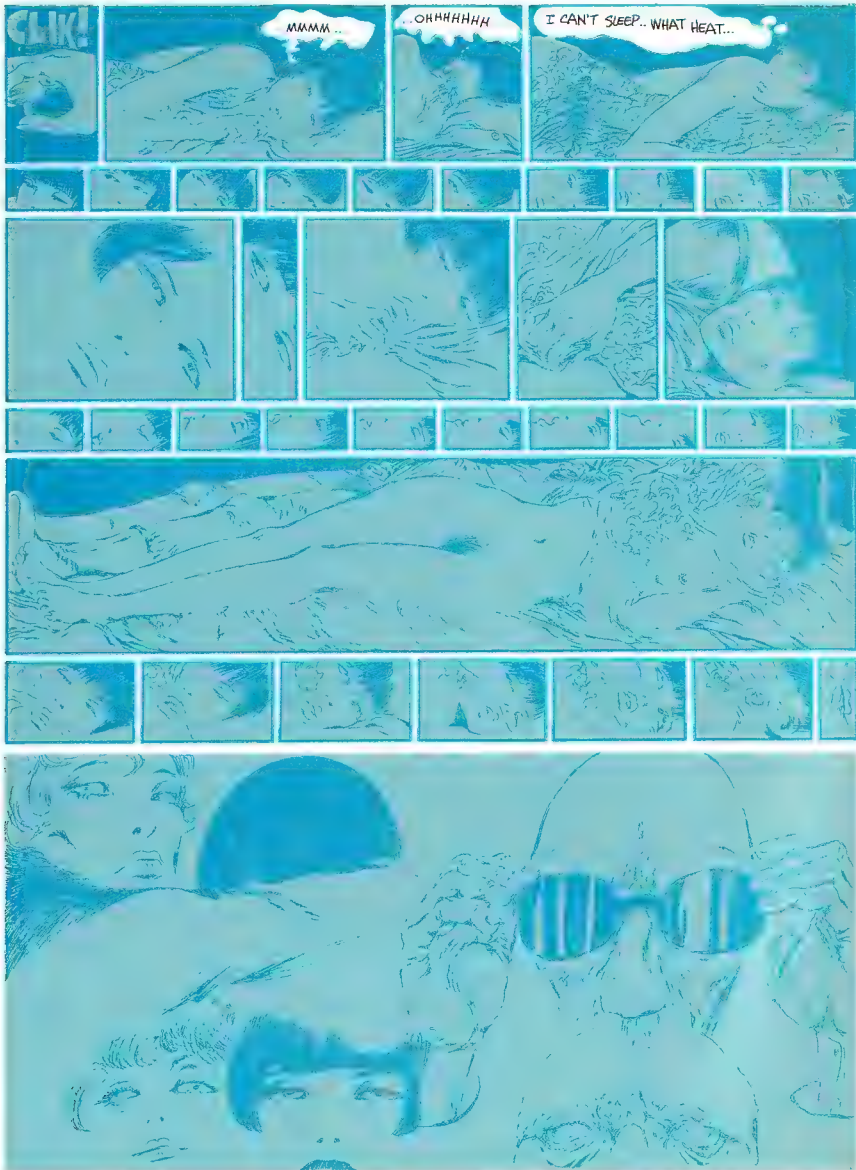
"ONE CAN HAVE THE IMPRESSION THAT TRUTH
PROGRESSES FOR ITS OWN PART.
YET...THERE IS LITTLE TIME...ALWAYS SO
LITTLE, BECAUSE THERE IS ALWAYS A
REASON FOR..."
HE WASN'T SO OLD AS THAT!...

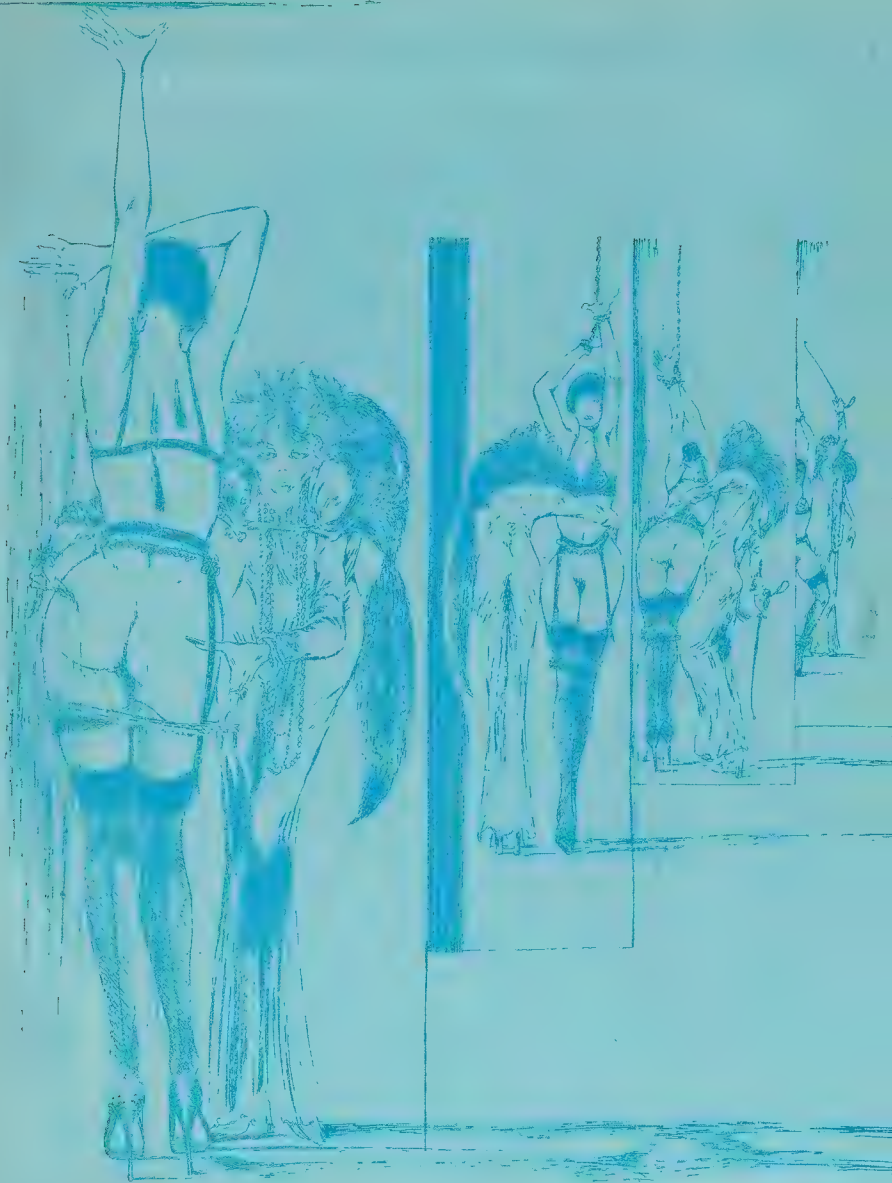


"BECAUSE THERE IS
ALWAYS A REASON TO
BE FOUND...EVEN IN A LEAF
WHICH TREMBLES... SO
OLD... BUT MAYBE..."EVEN
INSIDE A TREE
WHICH ALSO
TREMBLES... MAYBE
THERE IS AN
EFFECT...AN
EFFECT...
SO, THE REPRESENTA-
TION
BEGINS..."



"THE REPRESENTATION"...
HMMM..."THE REPRESENTATION"...
HMM... ACTUALLY, I
NEVER SAW HIM VERY
WELL... OHHH... HMM...
"I WAS ALWAYS THE
FIRST... IT'S NOT
POSSIBLE TO JOIN
ME..."
I AM
TIRED...
TIRED...
TIRED...





TO BE CONTINUED...

The Heavy Metal Bookshelf:

A Universe of Fantasy

SPECIAL! NOW
\$3.50

ORIGINAL
PRICE
\$6.95



Ulysses

Art and text by Lob and Pichard. The brave Ulysses pits his strength against gods and goddesses as he travels across the universe.

ORIGINAL
PRICE
\$4.95

SPECIAL! NOW
\$2.50

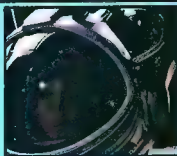


Conquering Armies

The dream epic of fierce horsemen who never lost a battle and never won a war, from *Heavy Metal Magazine*

SPECIAL! NOW
\$3.95

ORIGINAL
PRICE
\$7.95



The Book of Alien

by Paul Scanlon. Designed by Michael Gross. Contains over 100 sketches, behind-the-scenes photos, interviews, and commentaries from the Twentieth Century Fox thriller

ORIGINAL
PRICE
\$3.95

SPECIAL! NOW
\$1.95



Psychorock

Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open to the sounds of punk rock

SPECIAL! NOW
\$2.95

ORIGINAL
PRICE
\$5.95



Is Man Good?

The collected full-color Moebius, including "The Long Tomorrow," "Ballade," "Small Universe," and the utterly grotesque title story.

ORIGINAL
PRICE
\$6.95

SPECIAL! NOW
\$3.50



So Beautiful and So Dangerous
by Angus McKie

The existential SF comic story of an oddball collection of intergalactic hitchhikers—drawn in detail by Angus McKie

SPECIAL! NOW
\$3.95

ORIGINAL
PRICE
\$7.95



New Tales of the Arabian Nights
by Richard Corben and Jan Strnad

The ancient tales, including Sindbad the Sailor, are retold in new, exciting and bawdy adventures

ORIGINAL
PRICE
\$8.95

SPECIAL! NOW
\$3.95

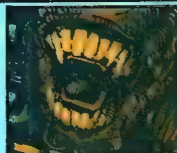


More Than Human

Theodore Sturgeon's SF classic, now in bold graphic style, deals with the formation of a superhuman by the synthesis of six different and complex personalities

SPECIAL! NOW
\$1.95

ORIGINAL
PRICE
\$3.95



Alien: The Illustrated Story

by Walter Simonson and Archie Goodwin. Based on the Twentieth Century Fox hit, the crew of the *Nostramo* grapples with a terrifying life force they can't leash or comprehend—the Alien!

ORIGINAL
PRICE
\$6.95

SPECIAL! NOW
\$2.95



Barbarella The Moon Child

The first feminine fantasy figure returns to challenge the universe. Drawn by originator Jean-Claude Forest, the book also includes action stills from the film *Barbarella* starring Jane Fonda

Heavy Metal Books, Dept 181
635 Madison Avenue
NY, NY 10022

Please send me *Heavy Metal* books as indicated below. I have enclosed a check or money order payable to *Heavy Metal Books*. I have included 75¢ for postage and handling of each book.

Ulysses, _____ copies at \$3.50 each.

The Book of Alien, _____ copies at \$3.95 each.

Is Man Good? _____ copies at \$2.95 each.

New Tales of the Arabian Nights, _____ copies at \$3.95 each

Alien The Illustrated Story, _____ copies at \$1.95 each.

Conquering Armies, _____ copies at \$2.50 each.

Psychorock, _____ copies at \$1.95 each.

So Beautiful and So Dangerous, _____ copies at \$3.50 each.

More Than Human, _____ copies at \$3.95 each.

Barbarella The Moon Child, _____ copies at \$2.95 each.

(New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

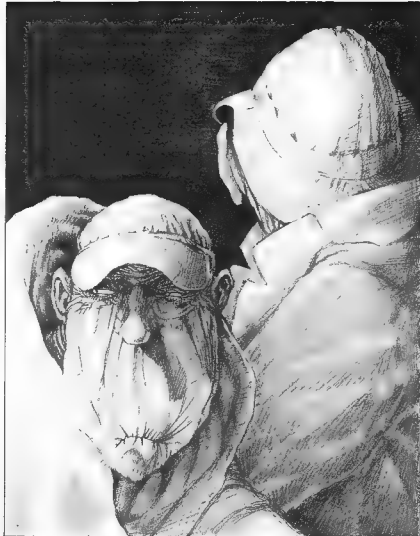
State _____ Zip _____

BANG, HAH

by
Don
Wood

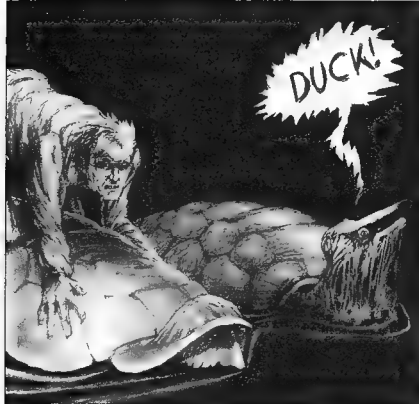




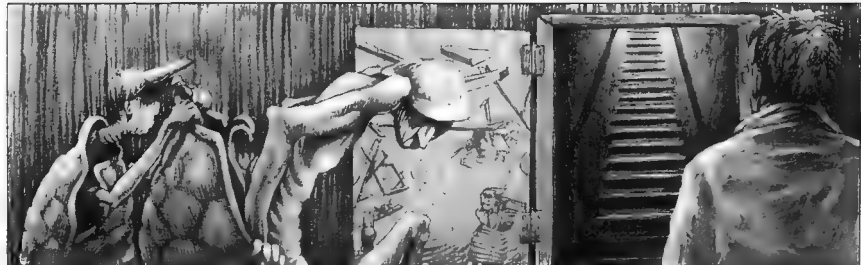




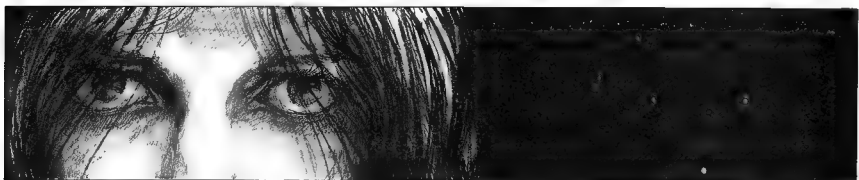












CONTINUED ON PAGE 65....

What Is Reality, Papa?

Last month, Chimeer, with the thought of Axl traveled uncharted planets, seeking her company. He met Rita, an intergalactic soothsayer, who encouraged him to go find his love, and gave him a magical caterpillar to aid him in his search. Meanwhile at Univers-all Studios in Hollywood, a starlet plays the part of Chimeer, which becomes much more than just "another role."

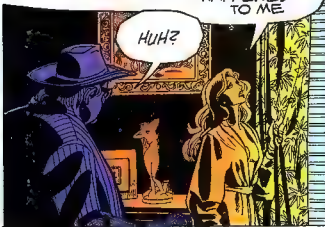
DO YOU WANT TO REPEAT WHAT YOU JUST SAID?

ACTUALLY, THIS SCRIPT ISN'T SO BAD...

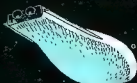


A YOUNG GIRL DREAMS OF SOMEONE ELSEWHERE. IMPROBABLE, MAYBE, BUT SO ALIVE IN HER. THERE'S A MAN WHO—SHE FEELS WITH TOTAL CONVICTION, IN ALL THE CELLS OF HER BODY—LIVES SOMEWHERE, VERY FAR AWAY, YET VERY NEARBY AT THE SAME TIME... THIS IS SOMETHING THAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ME

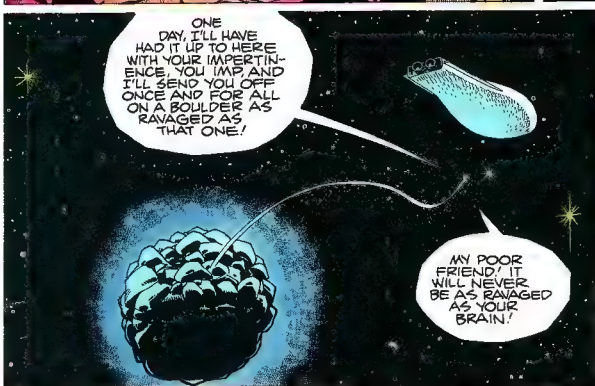
HUH?



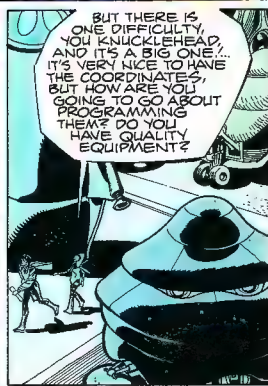
ONE DAY, I'LL HAVE HAD IT UP TO HERE WITH YOUR IMPERTINENCE, YOU IMP, AND I'LL SEND YOU OFF ONCE AND FOR ALL ON A BOULDER AS RAVAGED AS THAT ONE!



MY POOR FRIEND! IT WILL NEVER BE AS RAVAGED AS YOUR BRAIN!



BUT THERE IS ONE DIFFICULTY, YOU KNUCKLEHEAD, AND IT'S A BIG ONE! IT'S VERY NICE TO HAVE THE COORDINATES, BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GO ABOUT PROGRAMMING THEM? DO YOU HAVE QUALITY EQUIPMENT?



QUALITY EQUIPMENT? YOU MAKE ME LAUGH WITH YOUR "QUALITY EQUIPMENT"... WELL...ER, NO, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, WITH THESE ALIEN SIGNALS, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO COMPOSE WORDS THAT ARE INDEXED IN THE SHIP'S LIST.



SAY, AXLE! I... I... THIS MAY SOUND STUPID, BUT...

OH, THEY'RE EVERYWHERE...

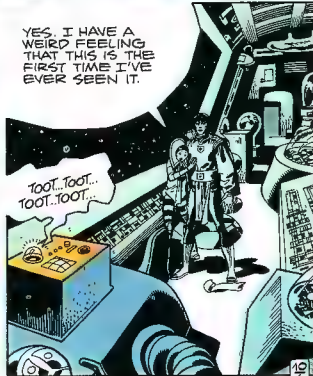
...THAT KEYBOARD OVER THERE.

OH, THAT KEYBOARD!



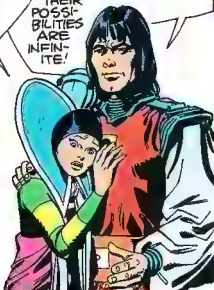
YES, I HAVE A WEIRD FEELING THAT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN IT.

TOOT...TOOT... TOOT...TOOT...



BY THE GOD OF FOOLS, I'M SCARED. WHERE DID THIS KEY-BOARD COME FROM, AXLE?

DON'T WORRY, LITTLE CLOWN. YOU KNOW THE SILVER DOLPHIN IS FULL OF SURPRISING RESOURCES AND THEIR POSSIBILITIES ARE INFINITE!



SHUT UP THEN!... SYMBOLS OUTLINED ON THE PARCHMENT BY THE COMPUTER... COMPARED WITH THE KEY-BOARD? DON'T TELL ME THAT THEY ARE THERE!

YES!



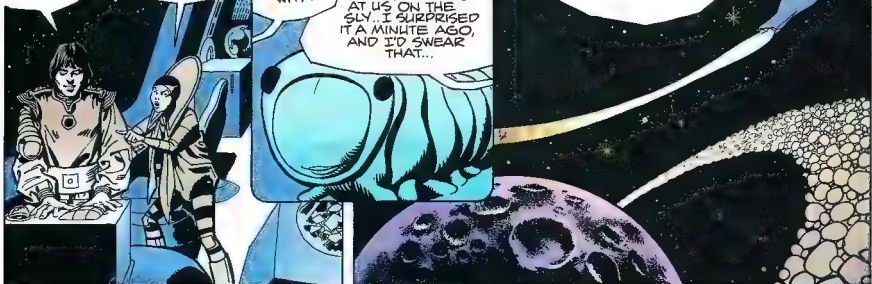
LET'S GO! THERE MUST BE AN EXPLANATION FOR ALL THIS...

AN EXPLANATION? BOY, I HOPE SO... DID YOU SEE YOUR CATER-PILLAR HEAD?

NO WHY?

ONCE IN A WHILE, IT LOOKS AT US, ON THE SLY. I SURPRISED IT A MINUTE AGO, AND I'D SWEAR THAT...

IT WAS MAKING FUN OF US, AXLE!



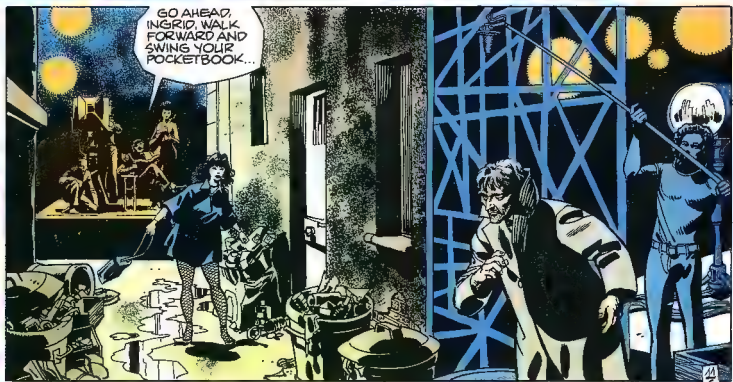
THE STRANGLER, TAKE THREE HUNDRED FORTY-TWO... ACTION!

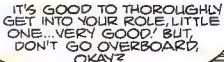
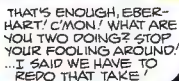
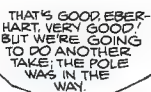
SILENCE, PLEASE! EVERYWHERE! WE'RE FILMING!

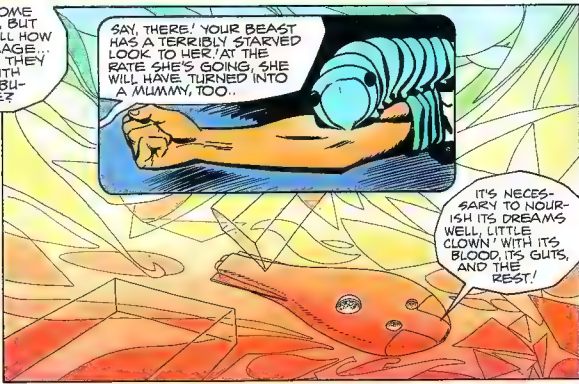
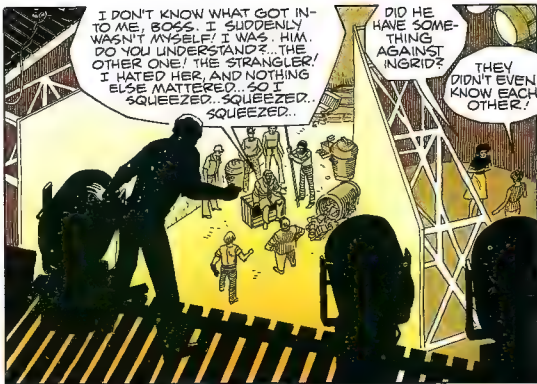
KLAP!

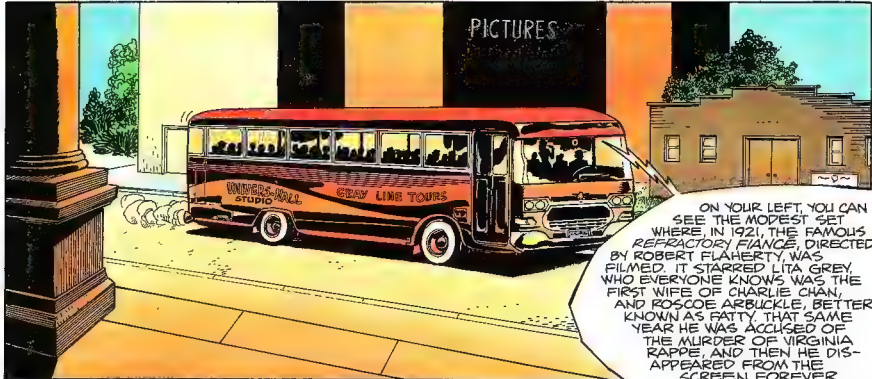
3022
THE BOSTON STRANGLER
342 PROMISE
MAY 14

GO AHEAD, INGRID, WALK FORWARD AND SWING YOUR POCKETBOOK...







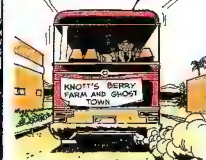


ON YOUR LEFT YOU CAN SEE THE MODEST SET WHERE, IN 1921, THE FAMOUS REFRACTORY FIANCE, DIRECTED BY ROBERT FLAHERTY, WAS FILMED. IT STARRED LITA GREY, WHO EVERYONE KNOWS WAS THE FIRST WIFE OF CHARLIE CHAN, AND ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, BETTER KNOWN AS FATTY, THAT SAME YEAR HE WAS ACCUSED OF THE MURDER OF VIRGINIA RAPPE, AND THEN HE DISAPPEARED FROM THE SCREEN FOREVER....

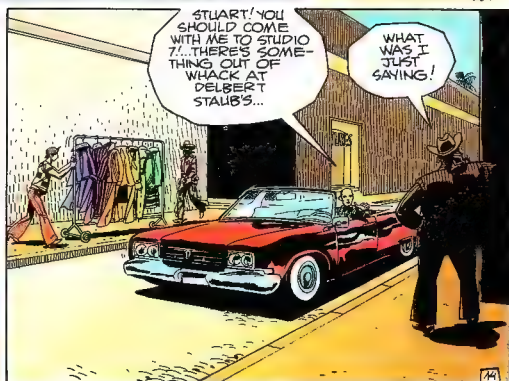
...ON YOUR RIGHT YOU WILL SEE THE LITTLE BUNGALOWS THAT ARE GIVEN TO THE ARTISTS SO THAT THEY CAN RELAX BETWEEN TAKES. DOROTHY LAUNDRY LIVED IN NUMBER 14, AND HOWARD HUGHES CAME TO VISIT HER THERE TWO TIMES...



NOW WE ARE GOING TO LEAVE THE "NERVE CENTER" OF THE STUDIOS AND GO A FEW MILES FROM HERE, WHERE IN A WORLD OF ADMIRABLE BEAUTY, ROUGHNESS, AND SAVAGENESS, COMPLETE CITIES WERE TOTALLY RE-CONSTRUCTED, TO LOOK JUST AS THEY DID AT THE TIME OF OUR BRAVE PIONEERS...



NOTHING BUT PROBLEMS THIS MORNING, I CAN FEEL IT! AND IT'S ONLY JUST BEGUN... I HAVE A DEFINITE GIFT WHICH ENABLES ME TO FORESEE THESE SORTS OF THINGS....



STUART! YOU SHOULD COME WITH ME TO STUDIO 7... THERE'S SOMETHING OUT OF WHACK AT DELBERT STAUB'S...

WHAT WAS I JUST SAYING!

DO YOU UNDERSTAND, STUART? I'VE BEEN HIS BUSINESS MANAGER FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND I KNOW MORE ABOUT HIM THAN HIS OWN MOTHER DOES. YOU KNOW HOW MUCH HE HATES FOREIGN LANGUAGES! HE ALWAYS REFUSED TO LEARN ONE, AND I MISSED IT. DON'T KNOW HOW MANY JUICY CONTRACTS BECAUSE OF THAT!

AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE BOTHERING ME?



YES, BECAUSE... WELL, HOW CAN I EXPLAIN? A MINUTE AGO, HE REPEATED HIS TEXT, AND SUDDENLY HE STARTED TO SCREAM AT ME IN GERMAN!

AH, FINALLY, THERE YOU ARE, STUART!



I CAME AS QUICKLY AS I COULD, DELBERT. YOU ARE PERFECT LIKE THAT! TELL O' STUART WHAT I'VE GOING RIGHT AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!

THIS!



THIS IS THE PRECISE LIST OF MATERIAL THAT THE FILM'S PRODUCER RENTED AT APPLEBIE. SUPPOSING THAT EVERYTHING GOES AS SCHEDULED FOR THE SCENE TOMORROW, I WILL DISPOSE OF ONLY FOUR WAGONS, A BATTERY OF EIGHT-WHEEL TANKS, AND—HOLD ON! A MOTORCYCLE WITH A SIDE-CAR! ONE!!



LISTEN, DELBERT, OLD PAL, YOUR JOB IS TO ACT THE ROLE OF AL CAPONE, BUFFALO BILL, OR, TODAY, HITLER. MINE IS TO TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING ELSE. WHY WORRY ABOUT THIS MATERIAL, HUH?



PATAPLAF



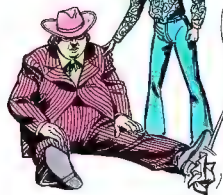
BUT IT'S WITH THAT THAT YOU WANT ME TO WIN THE WAR?!



DELBERT/
EXACTLY
WHAT ARE
YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

I WANT THE
NECESSARY
ARRANGEMENTS
TO BE
MADE!

I WANT THE FACTORIES, ALL THE
FACTORIES IN THE COUNTRY, SET TO
PRODUCE MILITARY ARMS AND EQUIP-
MENT. THEY ARE TO BE REQUISITIONED
IMMEDIATELY, GIVEN OVER TO
THE WAR EFFORT, AND PUT
TO WORK 24 HOURS A DAY.
I WANT THE BEST ENGINE-
ERS, THE BEST TECH-
NICIANS TO BE MOBIL-
IZED!... CHE FELIX
GUE BARDHOUT ON
SACHE GUE...



... GANZ ANDERS IST JETZT
DAS LEBEN IN DEUTSCHLAND!
IM DEUTSCHEN KAISERREICH
WAREN DIE BEZIEHUNGEN
DES STAATES, SONOHL ZUR
KIRCHE ALS AUCH ZUR
SCHULE, VON GANZ VEREIN-
ZELN FALLEN ABGESEHEN...



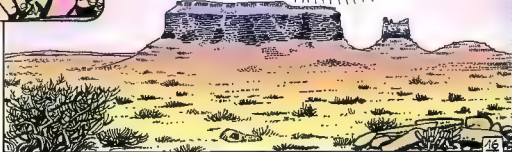
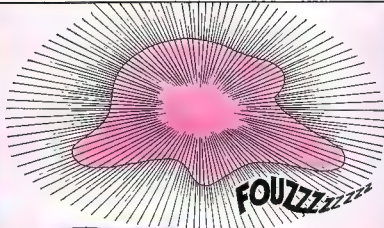
HEIL HITLER!
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF IT IMMEDI-
ATELY, MEIN
FUHRER!

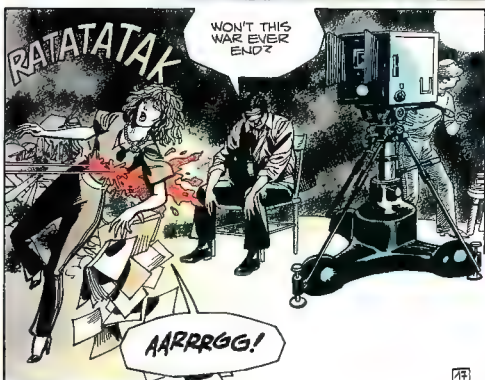
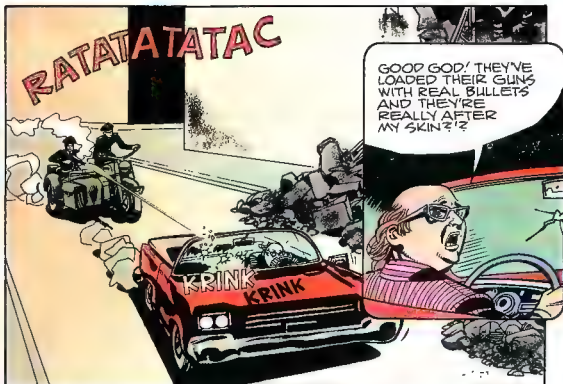
THAT'S GOOD,
HERMANN! BUT BE-
FORE THAT, ARREST
THAT MAN!

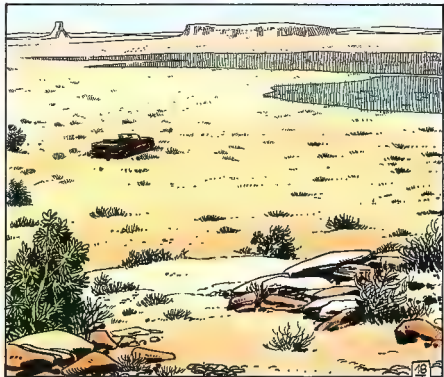
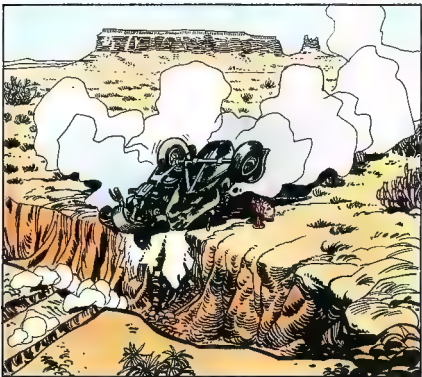
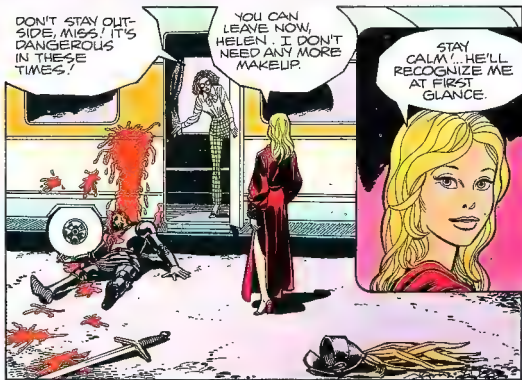
HUH?

THEY'VE
ALL GONE
CRAZY...
EVERYONE!

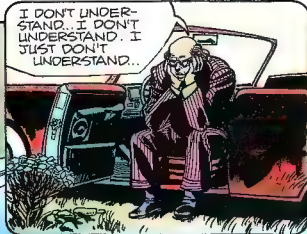
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING HERE!
I'M SURE... YES,
SOMETHING
UNHEALTHY MUST
BE HAPPENING...
BUT WHAT?!



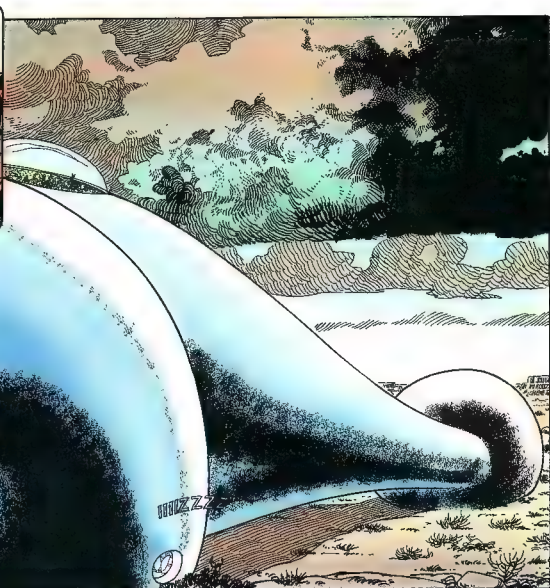




I DON'T UNDER-
STAND... I DON'T
UNDERSTAND... I
JUST DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

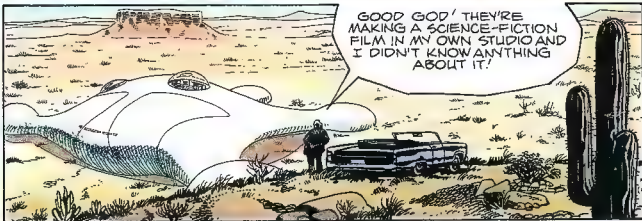
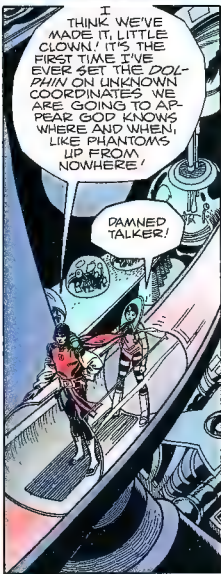


FFIIIIZZZ!



I
THINK WE'VE
MADE IT, LITTLE
CLOWN! IT'S THE
FIRST TIME I'VE
EVER SET THE DOL-
PHIN ON UNKNOWN
COORDINATES - WE
ARE GOING TO AP-
PEAR GOD KNOWS
WHERE AND WHEN,
LIKE PHANTOMS
UP FROM
NOWHERE!

DAMNED
TALKER!

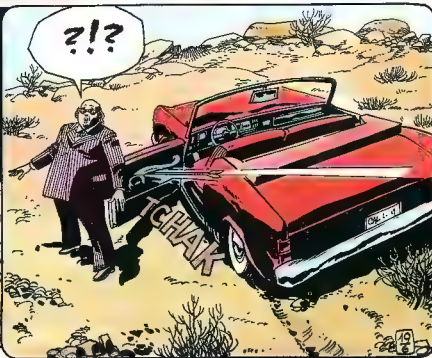


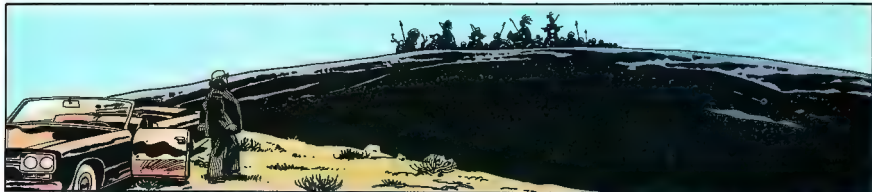
GOOD GOD! THEY'RE
MAKING A SCIENCE-FICTION
FILM IN MY OWN STUDIO AND
I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT IT!

COME ON,
MUSKY, COME
ON! HURRY UP
A LITTLE!
THEY'RE WAIT-
ING FOR
ME HERE!

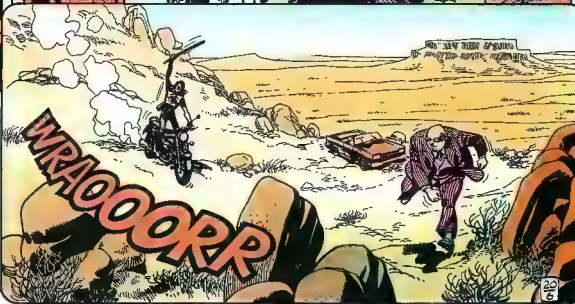
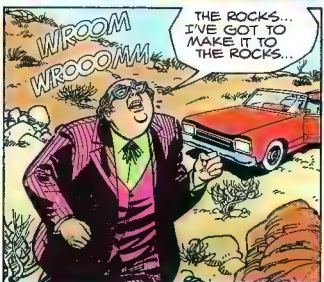


?!?





THERE'S GOING TO BE A ROW
OVER THERE! THE MAN IS
TRYING TO MAKE HIS VE-
HICLE'S MOTOR START, BUT
HE CAN'T DO IT...



GALLERY SECTION:

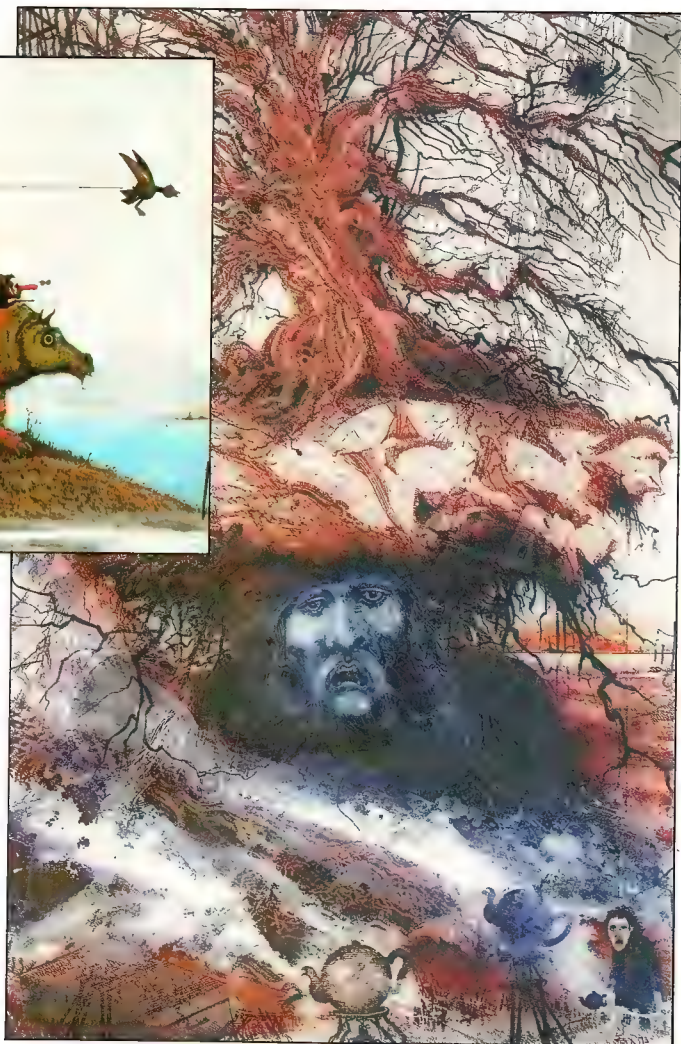
Secret Art and Kingdoms of the Dwarfs



Secret Art
by Ian Miller.
Verse by Barry King.

Ian Miller lives in Brighton, England. He has illustrated book covers for the likes of H. G. Wells, Lovecraft, and Tolkien. Someone once said of him: "His stories reflect the Gothic towers, secret labyrinths, and bizarre characterizations of Peake or Tolkien; his heroes undertake the same hopeless quests as those who meander through the sinister tales of Kafka . . ."

The last dive down,
the monuments, battlements and figures of a coward's dream
swept clean and . . . nothing!
The emptied battlements, the cities unmanned,
the stinking and deserted trenches
where crows' voices sound without crows . . .



Secret Art

When I came forth this morning
the sun on me did shine:
Creation fell upon its knees;
the going looked real fine.



Kingdom of the Dwarfs

by Robb Walsh
and David Wenzel



Throughout the world, stone monuments and the crumbling remains of ancient cities remind us of an advanced race that ruled the earth before the rise of modern man. Monuments like Stonehenge, the perfect astronomical clock built in 3500 B.C., and cities like those of the Indus Valley civilization have captured the imagination of scholars and given rise to intriguing speculation.

Who were the ancient astronomers and city builders?

According to the theories of Dr. Egil Dvaergen, a Norwegian anthropologist, they were the ancient race of dwarfs. Born with a congenital spinal defect, Dr. Dvaergen is himself a "dwarf," and because of his affliction he became interested in the dwarfs of ancient art and literature. Dvaergen points to the Hindu Vedas, in which the invading Aryans describe the overthrow of the Indus Valley cities' native dwarfs, and to the wall paintings of Egypt, which depict dwarfs working with metals, in order to support his assertion that the dwarf civilization was subjugated by savage early man.





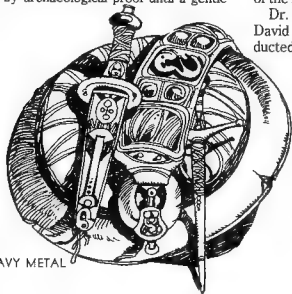
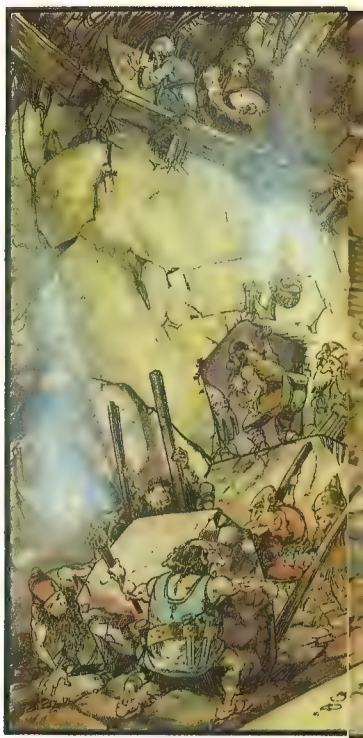
Dvaergen concludes that the race of dwarfs continued to live among men, often secluded in the depths of their underground mines, where they were able to perfect the science of metallurgy. Hence, the dwarfs continue to appear in the ancient art and literature of Europe and Scandinavia as makers of magic swords and fashioners of fabulous treasures.

Dvaergen's theories remained unsubstantiated by archaeological proof until a gentle-

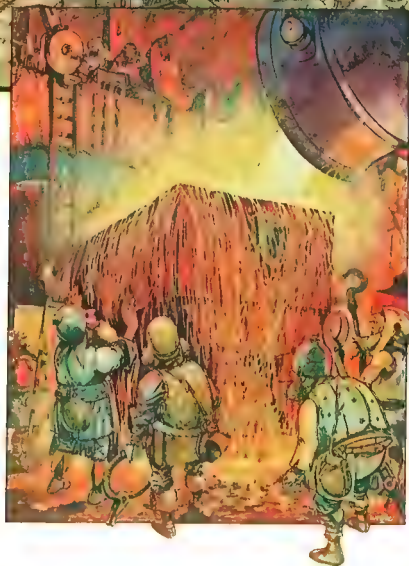
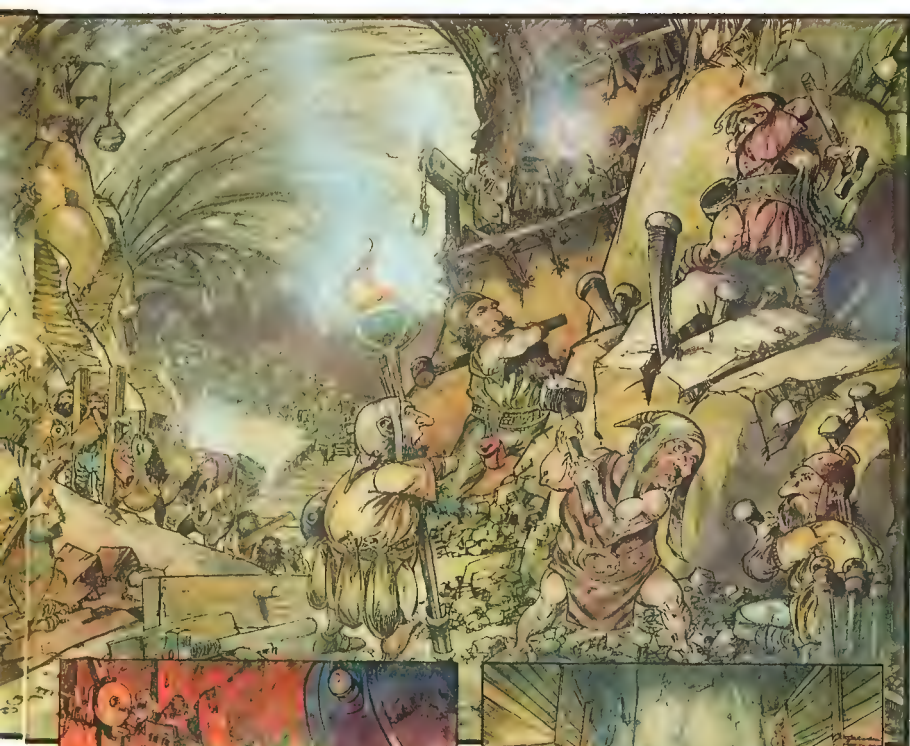
man gardener in Northern England unearthed a curiously marked ancient dagger while enlarging his geranium beds. The dagger was examined by the Royal Academy of Archaeological Sciences, London, which subsequently began an excavation on the grounds of his estate. The excavation team discovered the entrance to a subterranean chamber and the remains of an elaborate underground civilization which called itself "The Kingdom of the Dwarfs."

Dr. Egil Dvaergen, along with illustrator David Wenzel and writer Robb Walsh, conducted an investigation of the site and the

artifacts it contained. Their findings have recently been published in a richly illustrated new book from Centaur Books under the title *Kingdom of the Dwarfs*. In detailed artwork, the ornate stoneworks, legendary swords, and breathtaking architecture as well as the dwarfs themselves are re-created with all the splendor they once possessed. Writings discovered in the dig enabled the researchers to outline the history of the dwarfs from their "Golden Age," before the rise of man, to their demise at the hands of Christian extremists who viewed their metallurgy and advanced technology as evil magic.



Kingdom of the Dwarfs



Take Another Look

Meet this month's cover artists.



This month's front cover is actually a reincarnation of the illustration shown above. Burger had to redo his painting *And One More Makes Three* in order to fit the proportions of *HM*.



Robert Burger

"As I remember, my artistic career began when I was five years old. I have a vivid memory of me sitting in kindergarten class, Crayolas in hand, drawing eight-legged creatures and spaceships from Mars; most likely we were supposed to be drawing turkeys and horns o' plenty for Thanksgiving. At the tender age of twelve, my mother asked me, with some concern, 'Why?' At the time I shrugged an 'I dunno,' and went back to perfecting my four-eyed bats. The best answer I can come up with now, many years later, is that I was exorcising my demons..."

—Robert Burger



Alan Lynch

Alan Lynch hails from England, and this month marks his debut in *Heavy Metal*. He found the subject of baby robots weird enough to sacrifice normality for just a bit. He is largely influenced by the thirty-five English artists he represents, including *HM* favorites Jim Burns and Angus McKie; collectively they're called Young Artists. He has decided to make New York his home, despite his newfound fear of mechanical babies.

The Ambassador of the Shadows

Valerian: Time-Space Agent

by J. C. Mezières and P. Christin
colors: E. Tran-Le
translation: L. Mitchell

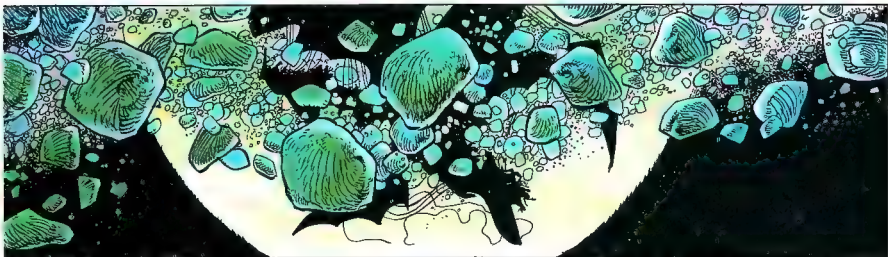
PERHAPS IN THE BOUNDLESSNESS OF RECEDING TIME, THE COSMOS WAS DEVOID OF LIFE...

BUT COUNTLESS ARE THE MEMORIES BEARING THE IMPRINT OF CIVILIZATIONS LOST TO INFINITY...

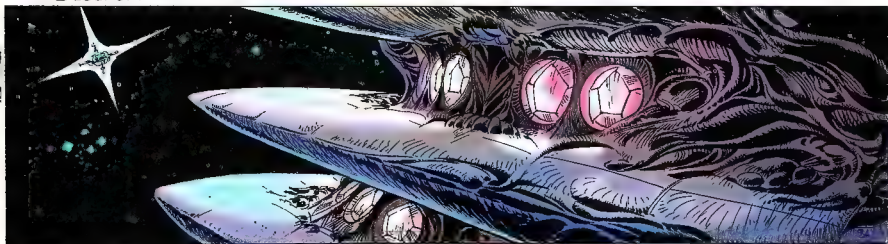
UNTRACEABLE ARE THE HISTORIES OF WORLDS EXTINGUISHED, OFTEN FOR THOUSANDS OF CENTURIES

WHEREVER LIVING BEINGS HAVE SURVIVED AND DEVELOPED, THEY HAVE ALWAYS TURNED TOWARD THE HEAVENS TO EXPLORE THEM

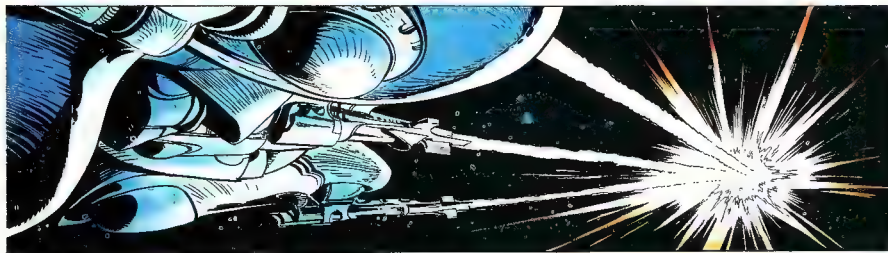
EVEN IF MANY AN AIMLESS QUEST HAS ENDED WITHOUT AN ENCOUNTER...



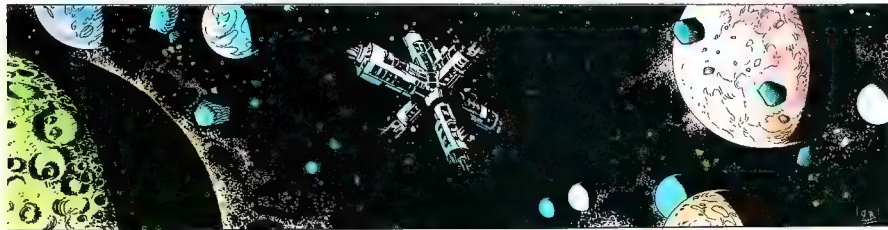
...THE OTHERS, THOSE WHO COME FROM ELSEWHERE, WERE NONETHELESS THERE THEY TOO WERE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THEY KNEW NOT WHAT.



WHAT WERE THE FIRST ENCOUNTERS? IRRECONCILABLE WARS OR SPONTANEOUS FRATERNIZATION?



IT IS NO LONGER KNOWN. ALL THAT IS CERTAIN IS THAT ONE DAY, AT THE CROSSROADS OF THE MOST FREQUENTED PATHS OF SPACE, THE FIRST SEGMENT OF WHAT WAS TO BECOME CENTRAL POINT WAS INSTALLED...





AND WHAT IS ALSO KNOWN
IS THAT OTHER SEGMENTS
WERE ADDED TO THIS
INITIAL CORE



THAT THE WORLDS THAT
CAME TO CENTRAL POINT
IN SEARCH OF A MEETING
PLACE BECAME MORE AND
MORE NUMEROUS

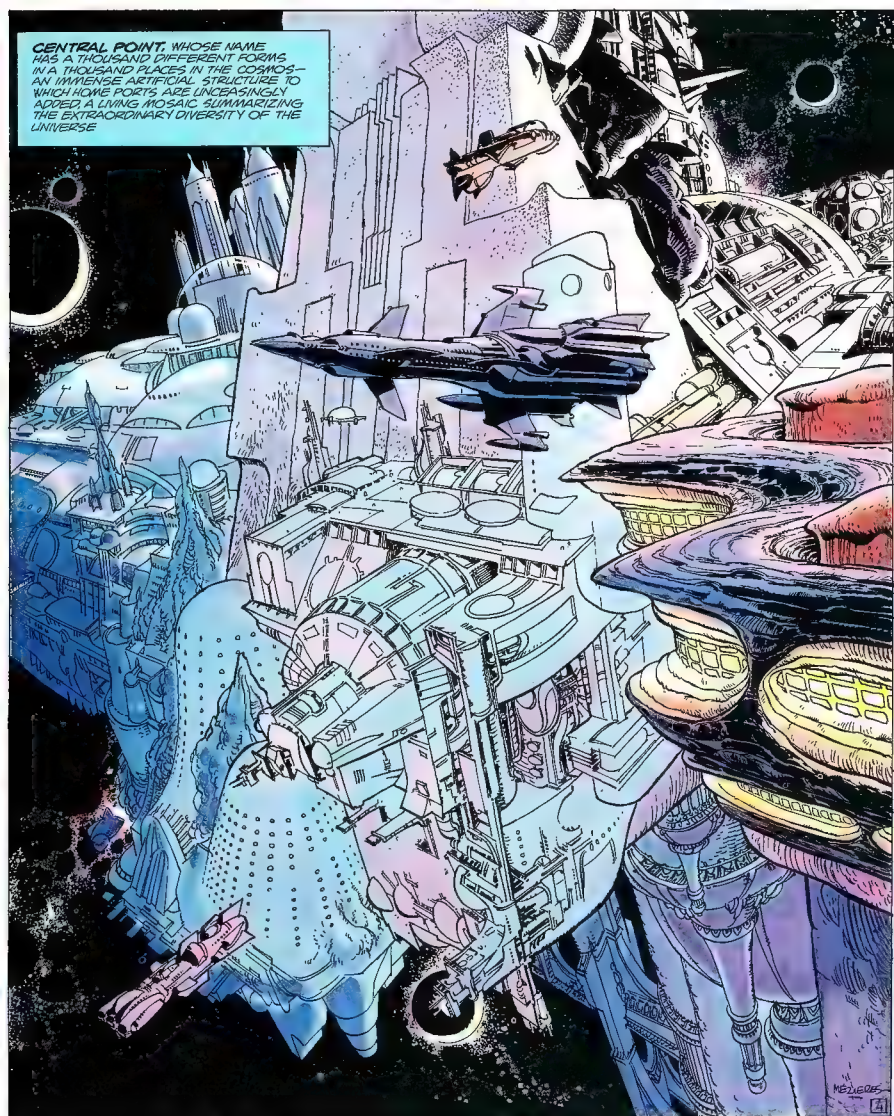


AT TIMES BRINGING WITH
THEM AN ENTIRE FRAGMENT
OF A UNIVERSE



AND WHAT IS FURTHER
KNOWN IS THAT, LITTLE BY
LITTLE, IT ALL RESULTED
IN CENTRAL POINT...

CENTRAL POINT, WHOSE NAME HAS A THOUSAND DIFFERENT FORMS IN A THOUSAND PLACES IN THE COSMOS—AN IMMENSE ARTIFICIAL STRUCTURE TO WHICH HOME PORTS ARE UNCEASINGLY ADDED, A LIVING MOSAIC SUMMARIZING THE EXTRAORDINARY DIVERSITY OF THE UNIVERSE



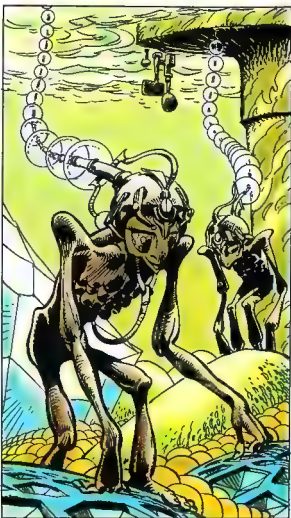
IT IS THERE THAT RACES OPPRESSED IN EVERY WAY COHABIT IN A JUMBLE OF RECONSTITUTED ATMOSPHERES AND ARTIFICIAL GRAVITIES PROTECTED BY INVOLABLE PARTITIONS. THE ROURS, MATHEMATICIANS WHOSE BODIES EXUDE POISONS MORTAL FOR ANY ORGANISM OTHER THAN THEIR OWN.



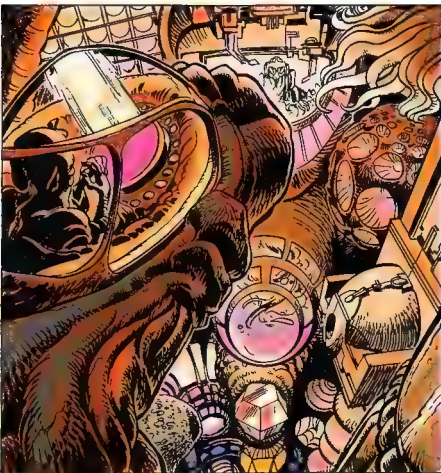
THE TAGLIENS, WHO ARE CONSULTED IN ALL THEOLOGICAL DISPUTES CONCERNING THE GODS OF THE COSMOS.



THE MARMAKAS, DREADED FOR THEIR FEARFUL RADIOACTIVITY BUT RENOWNED FOR THEIR TALENTS AS PSYCHOLOGISTS.

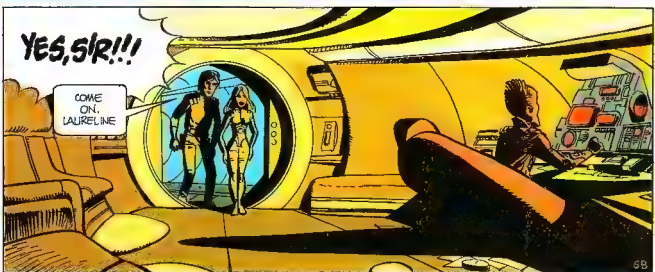
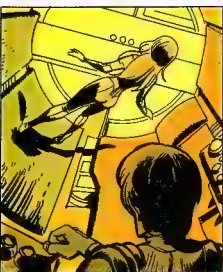
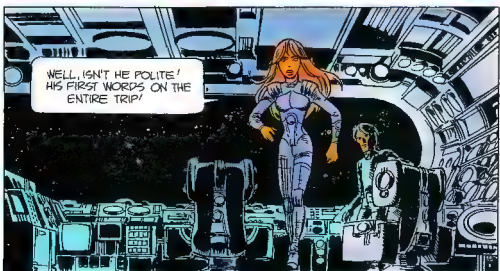
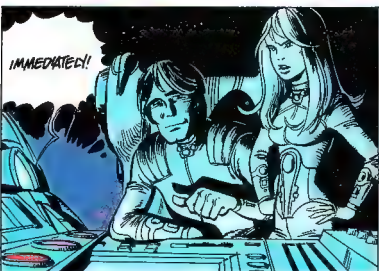
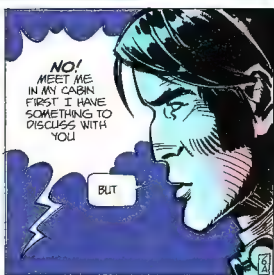
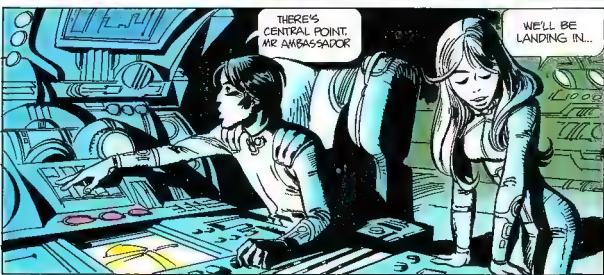
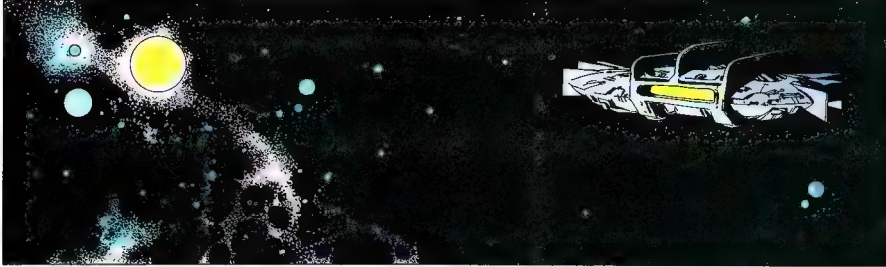


NO POWER DOMINATES ON CENTRAL POINT BY TURNS, AMBASSADORS FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF SPACE PRESENT OVER THE COUNCIL IN THE IMMENSE HALL OF SCREENS, AND IT IS THERE, IN SILENT SEMIOBSCURITY, THAT ALL THE CONFLICTS WHICH TROUBLE THE COURSE OF COSMIC HISTORY ARE RESOLVED.



THE PULPISMS, WHOSE DELECTABLE WARES ARE THE RAGE OF EVERY SEGMENT.







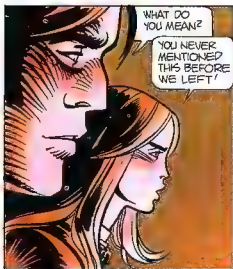
I'M AWARE OF BOTH OF YOUR REPUTATIONS, AND IF I CHOSE YOU, IT WASN'T BECAUSE OF PERSONAL PREFERENCE



IT WAS BECAUSE I NEED AGENTS WHO ARE FAMILIAR WITH FOREIGN PSYCHOLOGICAL MAKEUP.

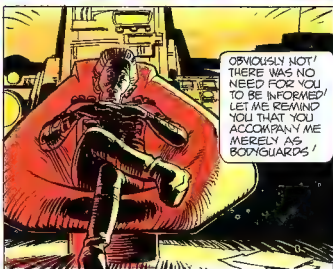


AS YOU KNOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME IT'S THE EARTH'S TURN TO PRESIDE OVER THE COUNCIL AT CENTRAL POINT. WELL, I'M ABOUT TO DROP A BOMBHELL. YOU'RE AS AWARE AS I AM OF THE INCOHERENCE AND INCOMPETENCE THAT TYPIFY THE SPACE ADMINISTRATION. WELL, I INTEND TO PUT A LITTLE ORDER INTO ITS AFFAIRS



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

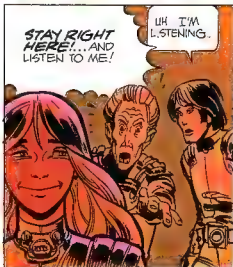
YOU NEVER MENTIONED THIS BEFORE WE LEFT?



OBVIOUSLY NOT! THERE WAS NO NEED FOR YOU TO BE INFORMED! LET ME REMIND YOU THAT YOU ACCOMPANY ME MERELY AS BODYGUARDS!



IN THAT CASE, IF I'M JUST TO ACT AS YOUR SHIELD, I'D BETTER GET MY BLASTER!... NO NEED FOR SPEECHES.

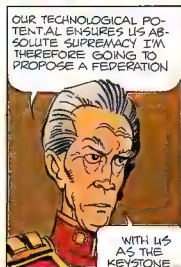


STAY RIGHT HERE!... AND LISTEN TO ME!

UH, I'M LISTENING.

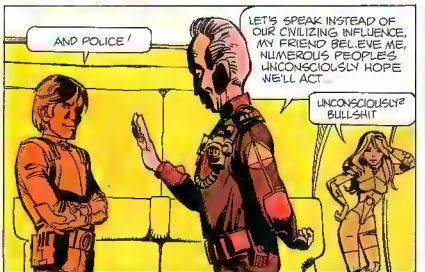


AHEM! YES, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CONTINUE WITH BUSINESS AS USUAL. IMPOSSIBLE TO CARRY OUT METHODOICAL EXPLORATIONS. THE SPACE ROUTES ARE UNSAFE, AND ALL MANNER OF RIFFRAFF HAVE FAILED TO COMPREHEND THAT THE EARTH'S RISING INFLUENCE MEANS THE DAWNING OF A NEW ERA.



OUR TECHNOLOGICAL POTENTIAL ENSURES US ABSOLUTE SUPREMACY. I'M THEREFORE GOING TO PROPOSE A FEDERATION

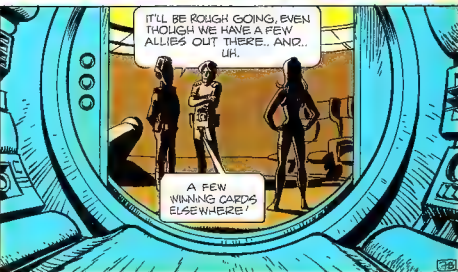
WITH US AS THE KEYSTONE



AND POLICE!

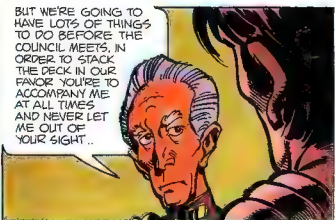
LET'S SPEAK INSTEAD OF OUR CIVILIZING INFLUENCE. MY FRIEND BELIEVE ME, NUMEROUS PEOPLE'S UNCONSCIOUSLY HOPE WE'LL ACT.

UNCONSCIOUS? BULLSHIT!

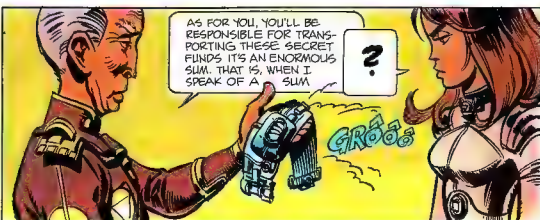


IT'LL BE ROUGH GOING, EVEN THOUGH WE HAVE A FEW ALLIES OUT THERE... AND... UH.

A FEW WINING CARDS ELSEWHERE!



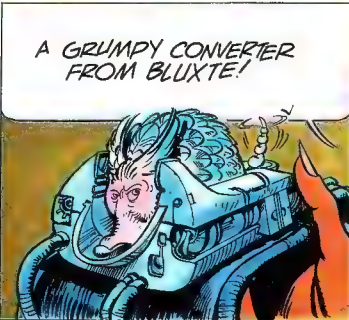
BUT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE LOTS OF THINGS TO DO BEFORE THE COUNCIL MEETS, IN ORDER TO STACK THE DECK IN OUR FAVOR. YOU'RE TO ACCOMPANY ME AT ALL TIMES, AND NEVER LET ME OUT OF YOUR SIGHT..



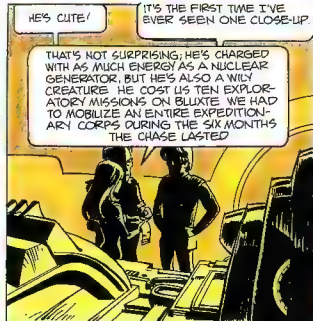
AS FOR YOU, YOU'LL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR REPORTING THESE SECRET FUNDS. IT'S AN ENORMOUS SUM. THAT IS, WHEN I SPEAK OF A SUM.

?

GROOO



A GRUMPY CONVERTER FROM BLUXTE!



HE'S CUTE!

IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN ONE CLOSE-UP.

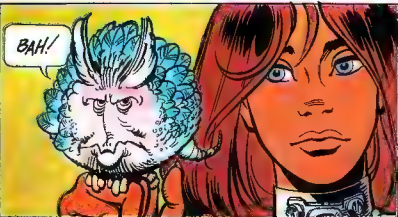
THAT'S NOT SURPRISING; HE'S CHARGED WITH AS MUCH ENERGY AS A NUCLEAR GENERATOR, BUT HE'S ALSO A NICY CREATURE. HE COST US TEN EXPLORATORY MISSIONS ON BLUXTE. WE HAD TO MOBILIZE AN ENTIRE EXPEDITIONARY CORPS DURING THE SIX MONTHS THE CHASE LASTED.



BUT YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THAT ON CENTRAL POINT, THE LACK OF A COMMON CURRENCY MAKES HIM A PRECIOUS ASSET.

PRECIOUS... YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, HMM? LITTLE GRUMPY!

GRRRR



BAH!



SINCE HIS CAPTIVITY, HE'S BEEN TAKEN IN HAND BY OUR PSYCHS AND WILL OBEY ONLY YOU. EVEN IF HE SHOWS A CERTAIN RELUCTANCE, OUR ONLY FEAR IS THAT WE DRAN SO HEAVILY FROM HIS RESERVES THAT HE MAY DIE FROM IT..

BOUH

PROTECT HIM WITH YOUR LIFE! THAT'S ALL!



AND REMEMBER, LAURELINE, NO PERSONAL INITIATIVE. I BEG OF YOU! WE CAN HEAD ON IN TO THE EARTH'S SEGMENT NOW!

GORR!

GO ON, YOU GET IN THERE. HE!! SO YOU WANT TO BITE, HUH?



WHEN! WHAT A DOSE GALAXY HANDLED OVER TO US THIS TIME! HERE, I AM CONVERTED INTO A CARRYING CASE FOR A SAFE WITH A TEMPER!

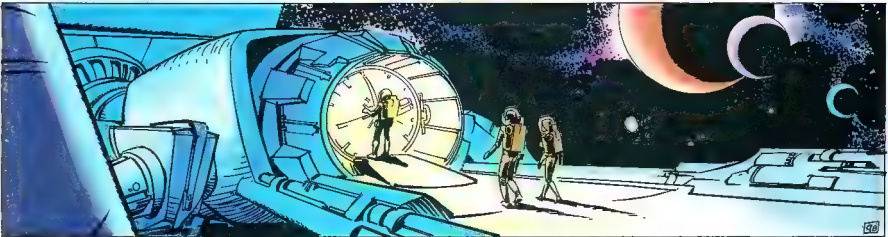
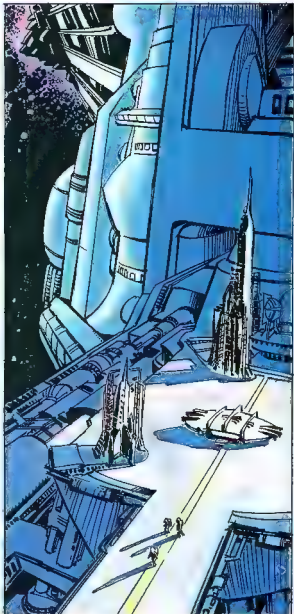
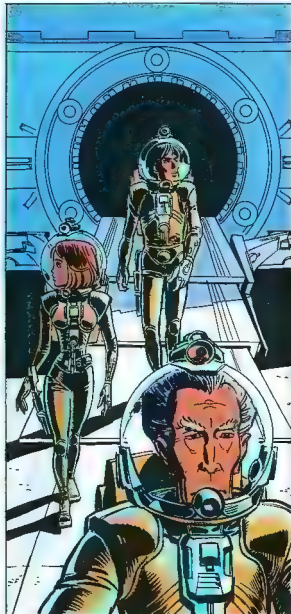
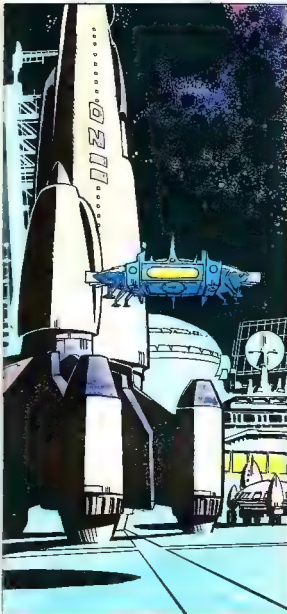
HMM. I CAN SEE THAT COHABITATION IS GOING TO BE DIFFICULT. NONETHELESS, WE'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER AND GET ALONG WITH ONE ANOTHER DURING THIS MISSION.

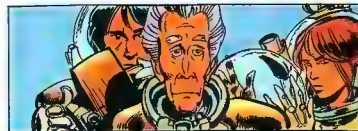
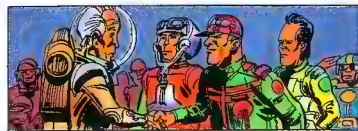
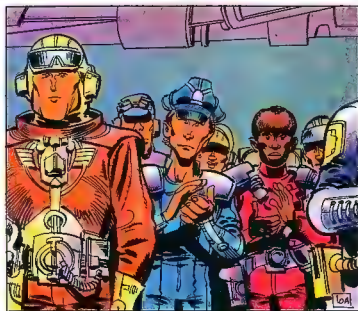
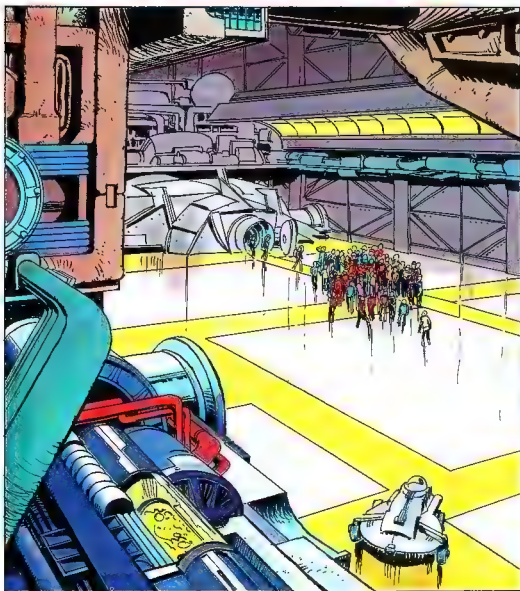
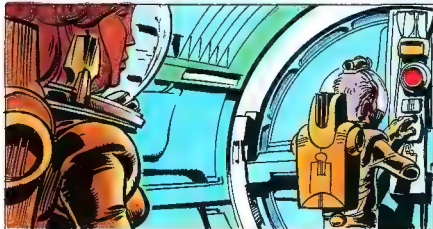
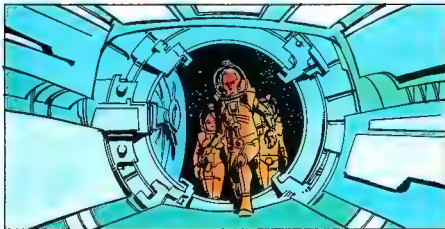
BESIDES, YOU'RE REALLY BEING TOUGH ON THE AMBASSADOR. YOU'LL SEE, I'M SURE HE'S NOT SUCH A BAD SORT UNDERNEATH HIS WORK-WORK FACADE.

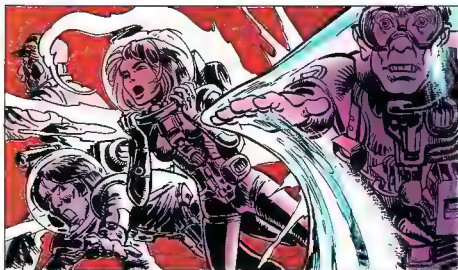
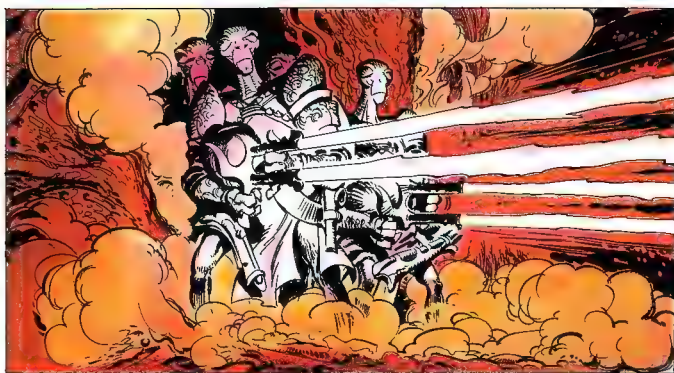


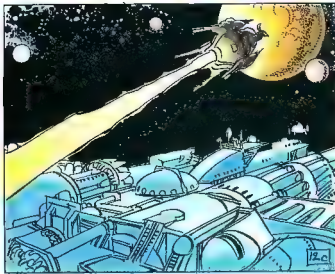
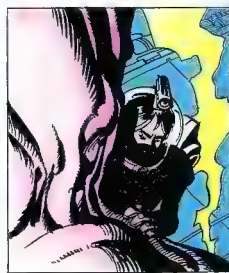
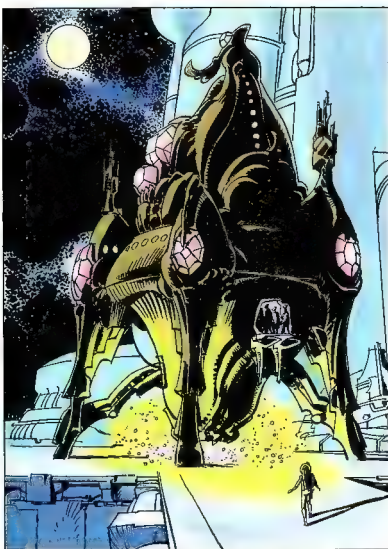
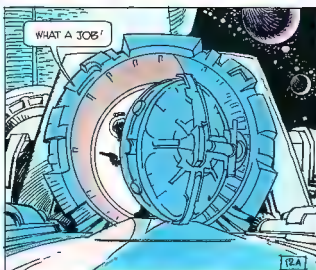
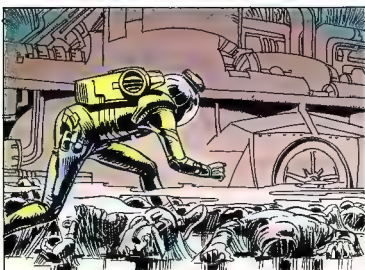
LET'S GET A MOVE ON! ALL THE EARTH'S REPRESENTATIVES ON CENTRAL POINT MUST BE WAITING FOR US BY NOW. I WANT US TO MAKE OUR ENTRANCE WITH CLASS. YOU'LL WALK FIVE STEPS BEHIND ME.

HOW'S THAT?

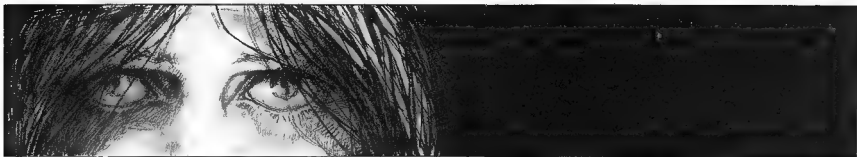


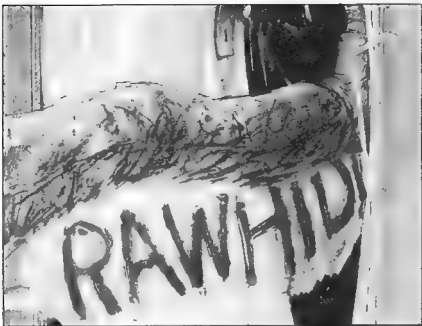
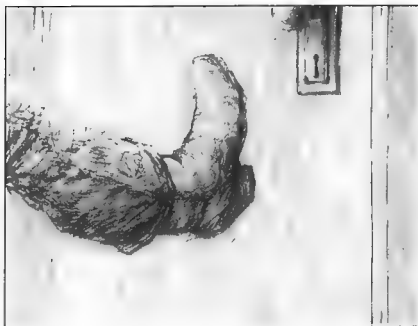


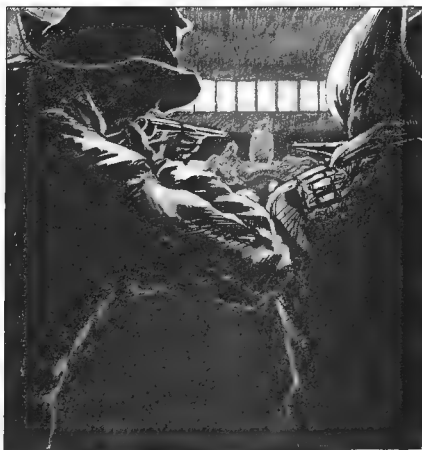




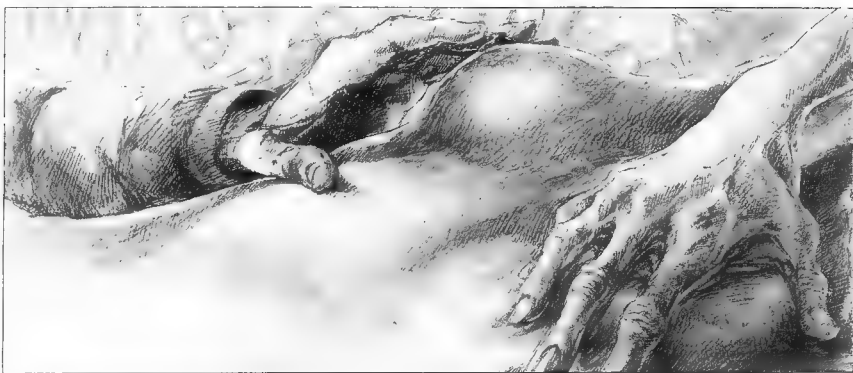
TO BE CONTINUED

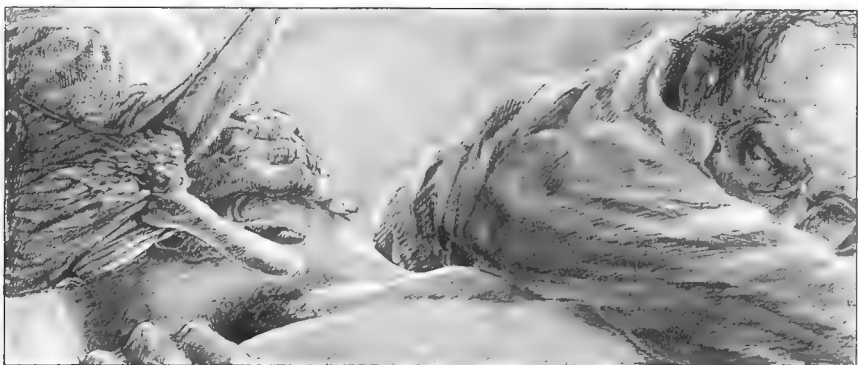








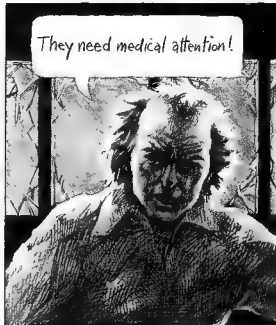




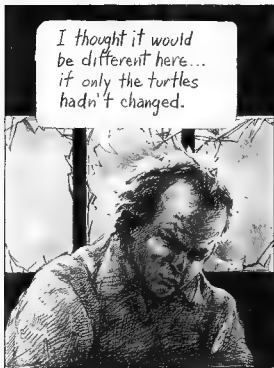




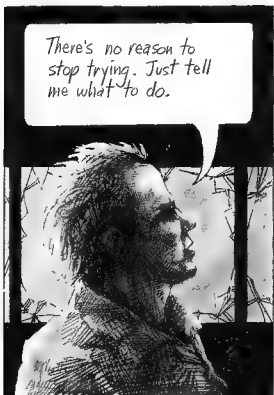




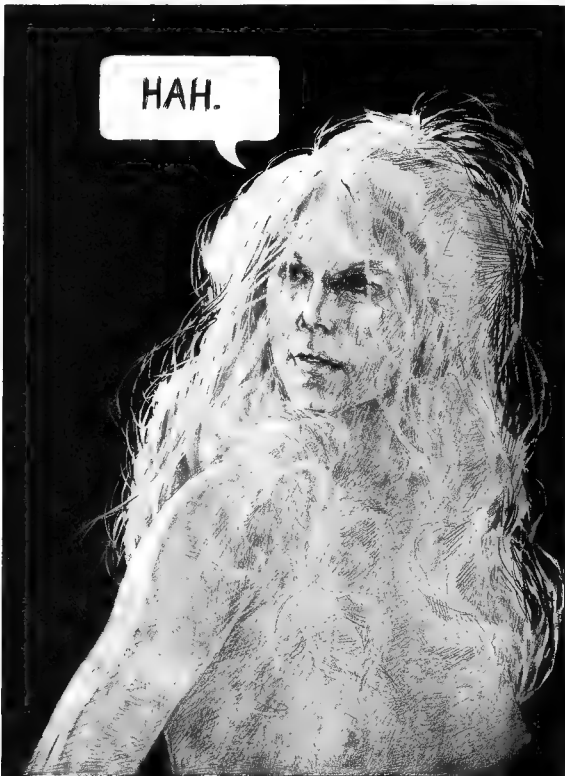
They need medical attention!



I thought it would
be different here...
if only the turtles
hadn't changed.



There's no reason to
stop trying. Just tell
me what to do.



HAH.

· END ·



The limousine carried us in its gleaming belly through the sulphurous swamps of Newark.

Where are you taking me?

To the airport. Then, if you're a good boy, to L.A.

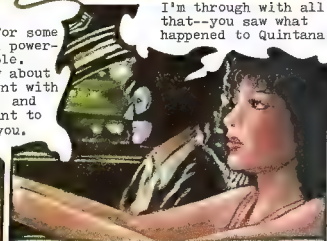
1984 SO. KINGSTON, JR.



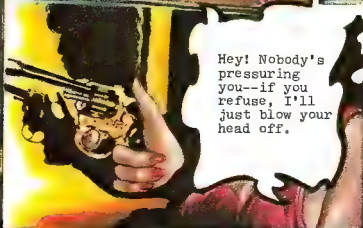
But--why me?



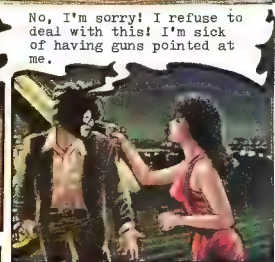
I work for some rich and powerful people. They know about your talent with robots, and they want to hire you.



I'm through with all that--you saw what happened to Quintana.



Hey! Nobody's pressuring you--if you refuse, I'll just blow your head off.



No, I'm sorry! I refuse to deal with this! I'm sick of having guns pointed at me.



Well, then think of the economy--it's going to be hard to find another job at your age.



Who's that?



Oh, he's one of the Black Pandas--they're a Japanese terrorist group.



"Anjin-san wish to pirrow now?"



We Brack Pandas have seen this movie, Shogun, many times now.



We no rike to see Japanese movies. We rike to see "Dating Game" and "I Ruv Rucy" instead!



I RUV RUCY!

I RUV RUCY!

I RUV RUCY!



I go now to negotiate with pirot.



"Master, please arrow me to commit seppuku."

"No. You must riy with the shame--AWK!"



"Hello, Lucy--I'm home!"



Awww--I arready seen this one.



One by one, the other passengers fell asleep, until we were the only ones left awake.

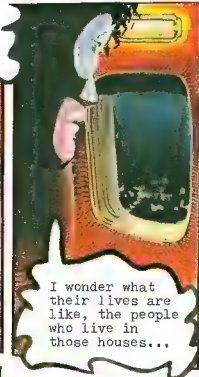


I read a letter to Pent-Up magazine about two people who made love on an airplane.

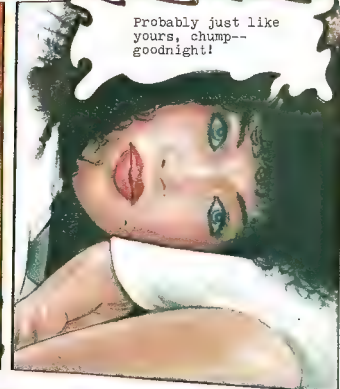
Can you see the lights twinkling all the way down there?



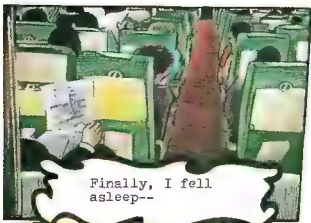
They did it standing up in the rest room.



I wonder what their lives are like, the people who live in those houses...



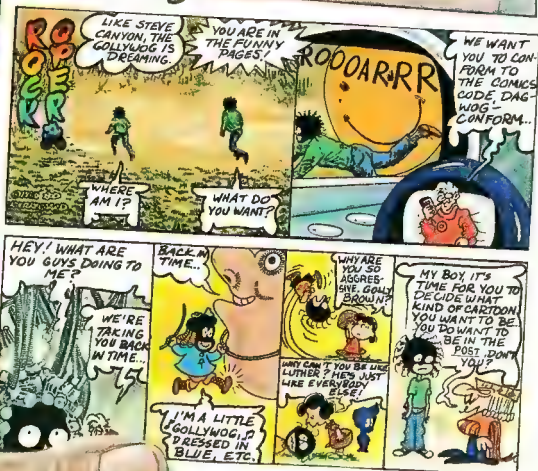
Probably just like yours, chump-- goodnight!



Finally, I fell asleep--



--reading the newspaper...



ROOARRR

LIKE STEVE CANYON, THE GOLLYWOG IS DREAMING.

YOU ARE IN THE FUNNY PAGES!

ROOARRR

WE WANT YOU TO CONFORM TO THE COMICS CODE DAG-WOG-CONFORM...

WHERE AM I?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING TO ME?

BACK IN TIME...

WE'RE TAKING YOU BACK IN TIME.

I'M A LITTLE GOLLYWOG, DRESSED IN BLUE, ETC.

WHY ARE YOU SO AGGRESSIVE, GOLLY BROWN?

WHY CAN'T YOU BE LIKE LUTHER? HE'S JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE!

MY BOY, IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO DECIDE WHAT KIND OF CARTOON YOU WANT TO BE. YOU WANT TO BE THE POST-DONT YOU?

WHY CAN'T WE SETTLE
DOWN TOGETHER, G.W.?—
I'LL LOSE WEIGHT— I'LL
QUIT SMOKING—
I PROMISE!

YOU CAN BE AC-
CEPTED IF YOU'LL
JUST BE LIKE
ME— BE
LIKE ME...

LIKE ME!
LIKE ME!

I woke up above
Anaheim.

WAAAAH!

WAAAAH!

Hey--
what's
the
matter?

I was having
a nightmare.

Want to talk
about it? I
mean, it doesn't
matter to me...

I dreamed I
was trapped
in a world
of cartoon
characters.

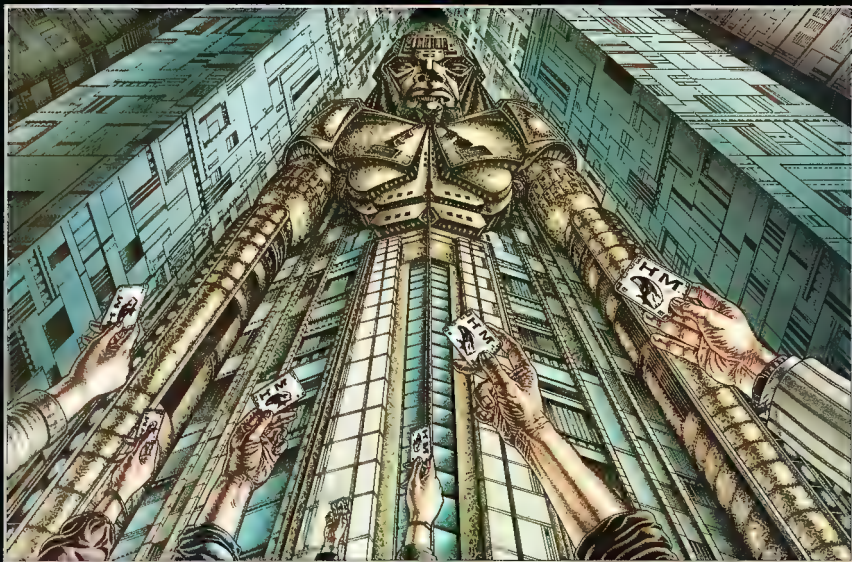
Well, relax--
it was just
a dream.

Do all the
buildings here
look like
this?

No, not exactly--
this is where
you're going
to be working...

If you subscribe to *Heavy Metal* today you'll never have to hear tomorrow

Sorry. All out of Heavy Metal!



Heavy Metal, the adult illustrated fantasy magazine, is an international dream machine. Artists from all corners of the earth conjure up bizarre fantasies and exotic happenings. Order today and we'll send you *Alien: The Illustrated Story*—a \$3.95 value—free! (Sorry. Due to the recent credit-card crunch, no *Heavy Metal* credit cards accepted.)

Heavy Metal Dept. 181
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Three years @ \$39.00 less \$10.00
I pay only \$29.00 for 36 issues
(80.5¢ per issue.)

Two years @ \$32.00 less \$10.00
I pay only \$22.00 for 24 issues
(91.6¢ per issue.)

One year @ \$19.00 less \$5.00
I pay only \$14.00 for 12 issues
(115¢ per issue.)

Please enter my *Heavy Metal* subscription for ☐ 3 years ☐ 2 years ☐ 1 year.

☐ Payment enclosed: \$ _____

Charge to my

☐ Master Charge Card # _____ Master Charge Interbank # _____

☐ Visa Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

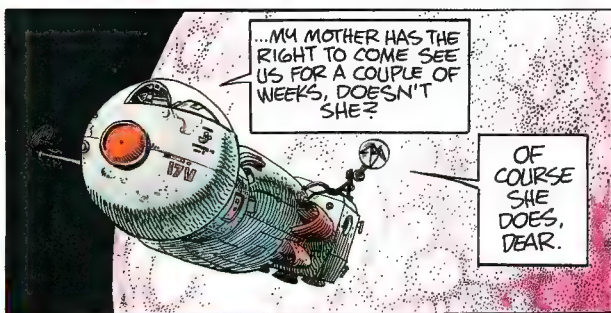
Name _____

Mailing Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Checks must be payable within US or Canada. Add \$3.00 per year for Canada and \$5.00 per year for other foreign countries.

THE STAR SWALLOWER, AN OUT-OF-DATE, ELECTRICALLY POWERED COASTING VESSEL, SAILS TOWARD PHENIXON, A SMALL YELLOW PLANET IN THE AREA OF XERES.



...MY MOTHER HAS THE RIGHT TO COME SEE US FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS, DOESN'T SHE?

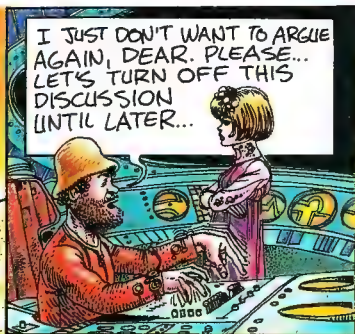
OF COURSE SHE DOES, DEAR.



I DON'T LIKE THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE!

...WHAT TONE?

IT'S A TONE YOU GET THAT DISPLEASES ME.



I JUST DON'T WANT TO ARGUE AGAIN, DEAR. PLEASE... LET'S TURN OFF THIS DISCUSSION UNTIL LATER...



YOU ALWAYS WANT TO "PUT OFF" WHAT YOU DON'T AGREE WITH. WHY PUT

OFF UNTIL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TODAY?

COME, LOOK HOW PRETTY IT IS DOWN BELOW, HMM?...

There **IS** a
PRINCE
CHARMING
on Phenixon

BY MOEBIUS

AGHHH!... MY MOTHER TOLD ME TIME AND AGAIN, "DON'T MARRY THIS CAMELOT TYPE... HE'S SEEDY! OOOH... IF ONLY I'D..."

JANINE, BE QUIET A MINUTE, WILL YOU? GOOD, NOW ACCORDING TO THE XERES INDEX, ON PHENIXON THERE ARE TOC-TOC SKINS WHICH ARE WORTH QUITE A LOT ON VARLOR ON-SWAN!... NOW, THAT'S COMMERCE!

COULD THIS BE ONE OF THOSE SPACE MERCHANTS?

FINALLY, WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET RID OF THOSE DAMNED TOC-TOC SKINS THAT ARE MAKING THIS PLACE STINK...

PEOPLE OF PHENIXON, HELLO!

HELLO, SPACE MONSTER!

IF THE LADY SO DESIRES... A LITTLE WALK ON SHALMASSOPHANT?

SHOW US YOUR WARES!

DON'T GO TOO FAR OFF, JANINE... BE CAREFUL!

TAKE CARE OF THOSE TOC-TOC SKINS!

OH... AND THAT ONE!

IT'S SO PRETTY!...

AND THE BIG ONE... IN GREEN... WITH DOTS...

CAREFUL... I DON'T GIVE CREDIT!

HEY! ER... SIR! THE WOMAN HAS MET UP WITH A PARACHEUX! SHE NEEDS YOUR HELP!

MMM... THE BLUE ONE!

HOW MUCH IS THIS ONE?



THE HORRIBLE THING! IT'S APT TO RIP HER TO SHREDS AND DRAG HER INTO THE DEEP!

NO, IT WON'T. DON'T WORRY!

OH! ...A DELIRIOUS PARACHEUX!



I'VE NEVER BEFORE KNOWN A PARACHEUX TO DO THIS SORT OF THING!

WELL, THEN...



JANINE!... CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?

HEAVENS!... MY HUSBAND!... OOH... BALUTIN, MY LOVE, SAVE ME!



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SHE SHOULD BE SCREAMING FOR HELP, WHIMPERING, EVEN FAINTING. INSTEAD SHE CALLS, "BALUTIN, MY LOVE!"

THAT MUST BE HIS NAME! TO THE PARACHEUX "BALUTIN"!

INDEED, THE PARACHEUX SEEMS TO HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THE WOMAN AND VICE VERSA!... BE-

SIDES, LOOK!... HIS TENTACLES ARE TURNING PINK!... YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

ARE YOU SURE THAT SHE ISN'T IN ANY DANGER?...

CERTAINLY! THE PARACHEUX IS A VERY SWEET BEING!

IT IS SAID THAT ONE DAY, A PARACHEUX AND A BOULAINNE FELL IN LOVE WITH ONE ANOTHER. NOW, THAT'S TRUE!

LOOK THERE!... THEY'RE ALREADY DRIFTING OUT TO SEA.

SO MY JANINE HAS FLOATED OFF WITH A PARACHEUX! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. I'LL NEVER GET USED TO IT... HM... THE MOST DIFFICULT THING WILL BE EXPLAINING ALL THIS TO THE AUTHORITIES... AND TO HER MOTHER!

GOOD-BYE, MAN... AND DON'T WORRY ANYMORE ABOUT THE WOMAN. SHE'S FLOATING ON THE WINGS OF LOVE NOW, THROUGH THE GOLDEN OCEANS OF PHENIXON. THE WOMAN WILL BE THE HAPPIEST OF WOMEN AND THE PARACHEUX WILL

SO BE IT... WELL, GOOD-BYE.

BE THE HAPPIEST OF PARACHEUX! GOOD-BYE!

BUT BALUTIN... EVEN SO, MY MOTHER DOES HAVE THE RIGHT TO SPEND A COUPLE OF WEEKS WITH US!

BUT... CERTAINLY... YOU UNDERSTAND! IT'S HER MATERNAL RIGHT!

I DON'T LIKE THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE!

WHAT?... WHAT TONE?...

IT'S A TONE YOU GET THAT DISPLEASES ME, BALUTIN!...

PFFF...

END

WOMAN

BY
JER
ATON



Jeraton





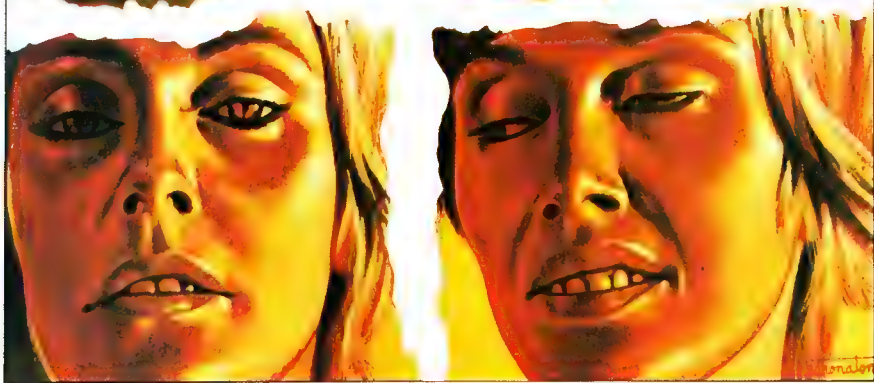








Jeronaton









THE
END.

EARTH IS STRANGE ENOUGH

by Robert Silverberg

continued from page 5

I live in Northern California, in a region where the climate is not exactly tropical but is certainly benign. The temperature almost never goes below freezing and hardly ever rises above 85. So, I chose the sort of plants most closely akin to my sensibility and taste—that is, the freaky, grotesque, bizarre ones, the ones that look as though they'd strayed off the set of *Star Wars*.

The first thing was a cactus garden, naturally—a weird assortment of spiny, murderous, angular monstrosities that look like a sampling of the flora of Betelgeuse XI. Here's a Peruvian *Cleistocactus* that's a lot like a furry phallus six feet long. (If I ever catch it mating with the bumpy, prickly *Lobivia* clump nearby I'm going to run like hell.) Here's an *Opuntia* that looks like a bunch of Mickey Mouse ears minus the mouse. Here's the creeping devil of Baja California, the sinister *Machaerocereus*, that snakes along the ground, rooting as it slithers. It would slither all the way to Can-

gascar and Mexico and Brazil, but their zonkoid shapes and menacing, reptilian textures make it easy to believe that they evolved on worlds where humanoid sacrifice is the Saturday-morning custom and blue green blood flows freely on the high altars. And after the succulents, bromeliads—jungle dwellers, that in nature live perched precariously on tree limbs, feeding themselves by collecting dust specks and frog droppings and mosquito eggs in the little pools of water at their centers. Which led me easily onward to the carnivorous plants: grinning green jaws waiting for unwary bugs. And from there—

It was just like writing SF. I picked the strangest cast of characters I could find, arranged them in an artistically satisfying way, and turned them loose to do their thing, while I sat back and wondered how it would all turn out. I didn't miss my career for a moment. Planting this oddball garden satisfied all my creative hungers. It kept me out of mischief, gave me a powerful sense of oneness with the universe, mightily amused my neighbors, and taught me a great deal about botany and horticulture.



Photograph by Susanna Lee Houlik

ada if the climate were right. And this, gobbling up territory like an extraterrestrial invader—that's the gorgon's head *Euphorbia* out of South Africa, with clusters of fleshy green projections that could have come to my garden straight out of your favorite SF writer's baddest of trips. I tell you it's weirdsville down there, a spaced-out botanical Twilight Zone of creepies, crawlies, eeries, and ghastrlies. A lot of them are wickedly armed, but they won't bite you unless you bite them first—except for the jumping cholla along the border of the garden, which sometimes makes preemptive strikes. (I keep my distance.)

After the cacti came succulents—some leafy, some gnarly, some goofy, all of them strange. They don't run as heavily to nasty spines as the cacti do, but they make it up with even more peculiar forms. I know they come from mundane places like Mada-

There was even a powerful philosophical point in it for me. After having spent my whole life in the creation of extraterrestrial weirdness, I was learning anew that Earth is strange enough. No need to go chasing off to Xfuz VII and Hkplod III—our own little planet, having given us euphorbias and tillandsias and lobivias and billbergias and all the other botanical wonders that provide me daily with such delight, is an incredibly bountiful source of the goddamnedest thrills and chills there are.

And then my acre of land was full, the job was done, and my creative hungers were still tickling me. So I unretired, and there was *Lord Valentine's Castle*, and I filled its landscape with all the plants of my own garden. Slightly modified, of course—the bromeliads have teeth, and some of the succulents have eyes. Call it artistic license—or is it just cross-pollination? ●

COMING NEXT MONTH



The contents of the February *Heavy Metal* are almost all from those fabulous frogs across the sea, with just a smattering of American work throughout.

"Salamambo" continues! Yes, after a four-issue lapse (think it was 'cause he ran out of crayons!) Drullet's illustrated version of Flaubert's classic returns! In it you'll see a whole lot of partying, pillaging, and general hell raising!

"K.O.," by Voss, is an odd little strip about a far-off planet that holds boxing matches between robots. You'd be surprised who a few of them are programmed to imitate!

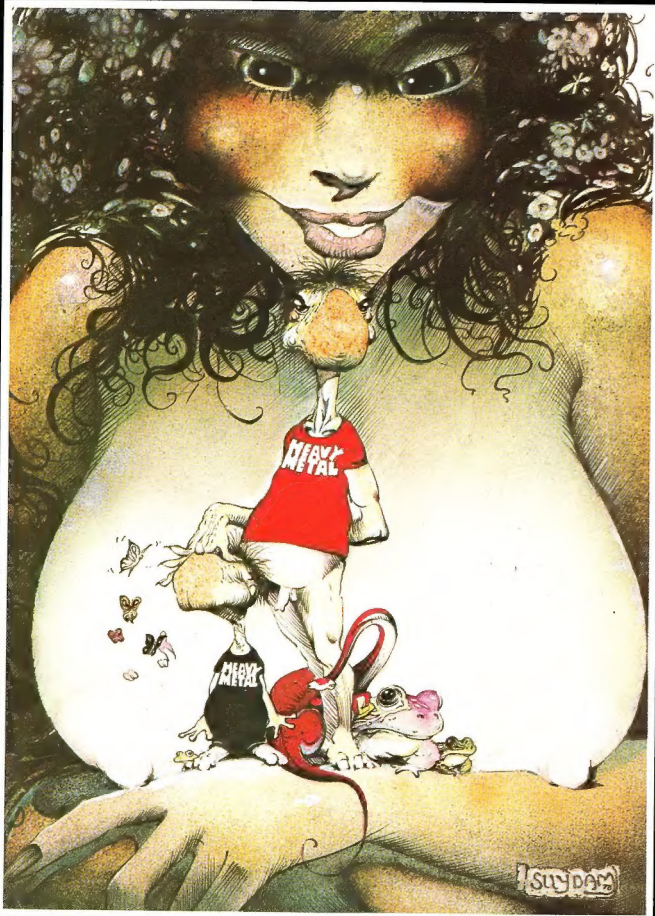
This time we really mean it! Jeff Jones's "Yesterday's Lily" will be excerpted, accompanying tidbits of a recent interview with this master!

"The Horny Fool," a Moebius mini-epic, is sorta self-explanatory, as is Dominique He's "Edward's in Love." (Ah, the French are so straightforward!)

Plus: the continuation of "What Is Reality, Papa?," "Bloodstar," "Ambassador of the Shadows," and "Rock Opera"! See you then!

“My
men
wear
**HEAVY
METAL**
t-shirts,
or they
wear
nothing
at all.”

“You’re not
whistling ‘Dixie,’
little lady! We
only wear the
finest form-fitting
cotton... which I
feel accentuates
my manly
physique. Ray
here likes the way
the colors blend
with his ruddy
complexion. No
matter what you
look like, the
HEAVY METAL
t-shirt (available
in red or black)
is the message
for summer.”



HEAVY METAL
Dept. HM 181
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Black	Small	☐	Medium	☐	Large	☐
Red	Small	☐	Medium	☐	Large	☐

Enclosed please find my check or money order. Please send me _____ **HEAVY METAL** t-shirt(s) at \$6.00 (plus 60¢ per shirt for postage and handling).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you do wish to order, but do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, please print or type all the necessary info, and enclose it with a check or money order.

**A new-year's celebration!
Jeronaton's sexy Woman.
More of Corben's Bloodstar and
Crepax's Valentina!
A glimpse of the Kingdom
of the Dwarfs.
Plus Moebius, Ribera, Mezières,
and Rock Opera!
All in glorious color!**

